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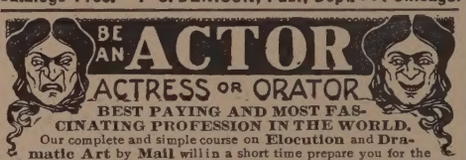

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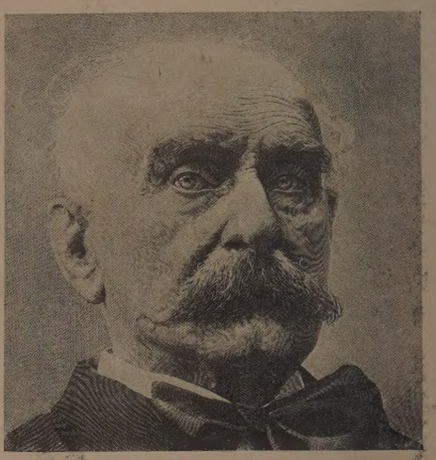
Death Claims Famous Men

Death has been busy in the artistic world during the past month. A famous composer, two distinguished actors, and two dramatists, no less celebrated, have passed away.

Ernest Reyer, the author of "Salammbo," "Sigurd" and other well-known operas, died at Toulon, France, on January 15 last. He was born at Marseilles in 1823 and began to compose while in Algiers as employee of the French government. During the Revolution of 1848 he returned to



THE LATE ERNEST REYER

France and established himself in Paris, where he completed his technical education. He wrote a symphonic poem, "Le Sélam," which was produced at the Salle Ventadour in 1850. Soon after he made his début on the lyric stage with a one-act opera entitled "Maitre Wolfram," which was revived at the Opéra Comique in 1873. Then he wrote for the Opéra the music for a ballet in two acts entitled "Sacountala" (1858), and then was once more heard at the Théâtre Lyrique with a work in three acts called "La Statue" (1861), which was his first real triumph. In spite of this success, however, and notwithstanding his election to the Académie des Beaux Arts in 1876, Reyer was not able to get his works accepted on the Paris stage, and, utterly discouraged, he made his way to Brussels where, at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, he produced "Sigurd" in 1884 and "Salammbo" in 1890, works which the Paris Opera House produced in 1885 and 1892 respectively. These last two works gave Reyer world-wide fame. He was well known also as music critic for the *Journal des Débats*. His music shows very plainly the influence of Berlioz and Wagner.

Alexandre Honoré Emert Coquelin (popularly

THE LATE COQUELIN CADET

known as Coquelin cadet or "the younger" to distinguish him from his elder brother) died on

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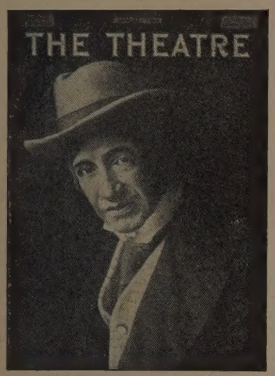

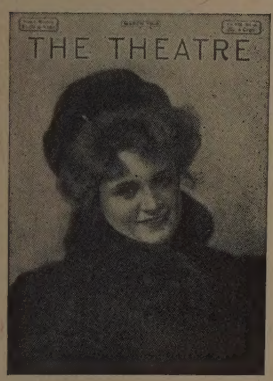

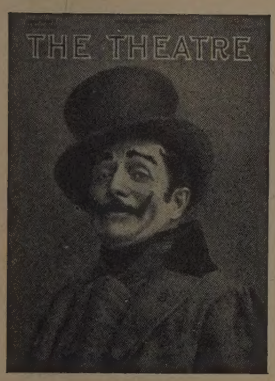

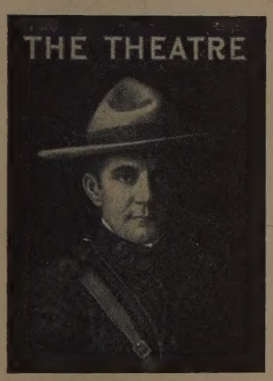

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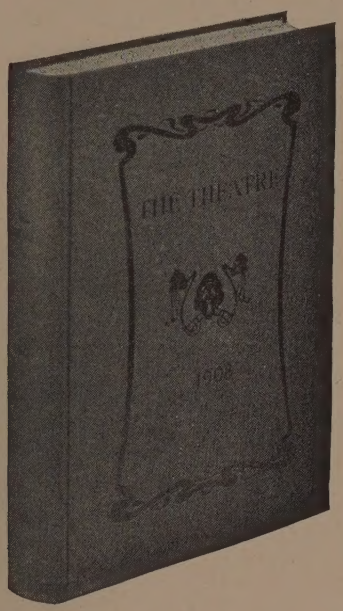

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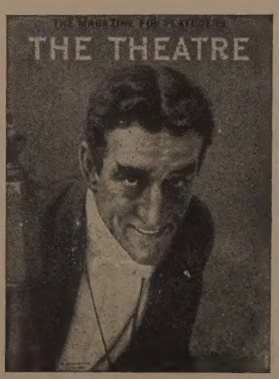

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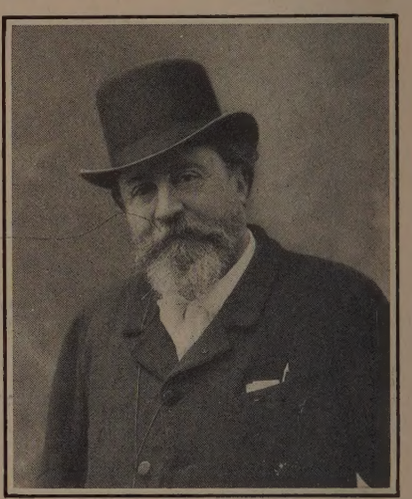
February 8 last in the insane asylum near Suresnes, near Paris, as a result of a complete breakdown which followed the news of the death of his brother Constant. Coquelin the younger was born in Boulogne-sur-Mer in 1848, and, like his elder brother, took to the stage at an early age. After studying with Regnier he won in 1867 a first prize for comedy at the Conservatoire. He was then engaged for the Odéon, and in 1868 made his début at the Comédie Française. In 1875 he joined the company at the Variétés, but the following year saw him back at the Théâtre Français, where he remained, becoming Sociétaire in 1879. Coquelin cadet was an excellent comedian, with much aptitude for soliloquy and monologues which were often written by himself. This accomplishment made him one of the most popular artists in Paris drawing rooms. He had also published under his own name several amusing volumes, among others, "Le Livre des convalescents" (1880), "Le Monologue moderne" (1881), "Fariboles" (1882), "L'Art de dire le monologue" (1884), "Le Rire" (1887), "Pirouettes" (1888).

Catulle Mendès, the well-known French poet, novelist and dramatist, was killed on February 7 last by falling from a train in the St. Germain tunnel, near Paris. He was 68 years old, having



THE LATE CATULLE MENDES

been born in Bordeaux in 1841. His father was a banker and his mother was a famous beauty of her time. In 1859 Catulle went to Paris where he took up the profession of literature. With capital advanced him by his father he started a magazine called the *Revue Fantaisiste*, grouping around himself such famous contributors as Richard Wagner, Theophile Gautier and Alphonse and Ernest Daudet. In 1866 he married Judith Gautier, a daughter of Theophile Gautier, from whom he was separated in 1869. He soon attracted attention as a poet and was recognized as leader of a new poetic school known as the "Parnassians," which became the object of much criticism and ridicule. Money difficulties followed, and the Princess Mathilde came to the rescue with a pension of $240. Soon afterwards Mendès published his mystic poem "Hesperas," which introduced into France the strange teachings of Swedenborg. After the Franco-Prussian War Mendès turned his attention to short stories and also to writing for the stage. The best known of his novels are "Le Roi Vierge" (1881), "Monstres Parisiens" (1882), "Zo'har (1886), "La Première Maitresse" (1887), Among his plays are "Les Mères Ennemies," a drama performed in 1882; "La Femme de Tarbarin" (1887), "La Reine Fiamette" (1889), "Medée," a tragedy in verse (1898). While he was a brilliant stylist and a most graceful writer with a vocabulary of remarkably wide range, his writings were marred by eroticism, and the tone was decidedly unhealthful, if not wholly degenerate.

Ernst von Wildenbruch, German dramatist and poet, died in Berlin on January 15 last. He was born in Syria in 1854 and during his early life served as an officer in the Prussian Army, taking part in the Franco-German War in 1870, after which he obtained a government appointment. He has written a large number of works—poetry and also a number of plays, among which are the following: "Die Karolinger" 1882), "Vater und Sohne," "Der Mennonit" (1882), "Christopher Marlowe" (1882), "Harold" (1892), "Die Quitzows," "Der Neue Herr" (1891), "Willehalm" (1892), "Die Tochter Erasmus" (1896), and "Heinrich und Heinrich's Coschlecht" (1896).

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THE THEATRE

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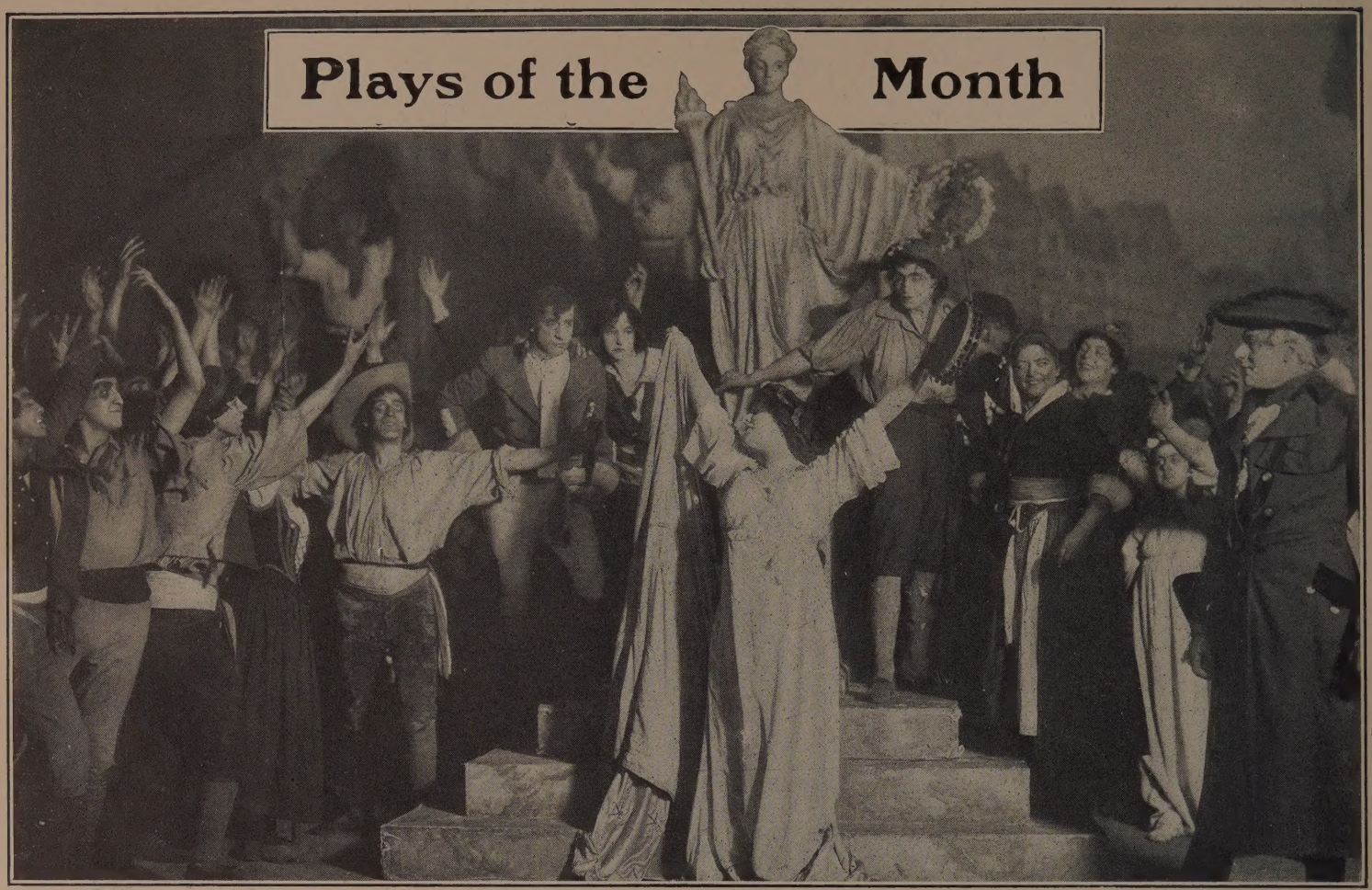
EMMY DESTINN

This well-known Bayreuth singer's recent appearance at the Metropolitan Opera House in the title rôle of Puccini's "Madama Butterfly," added another triumph to her long list of successes in New York. Mme. Destinn is a Bohemian by birth and of peasant ancestry. To-day she stands in the front rank of the world's great dramatic sopranos. She is gifted not only as a singer but she has literary talent as well, being the author of several volumes of verse. Speaking of Destinn's Cio-cio-San one critic says, "The artistic glory of her impersonation is found in her eloquent singing of the music"

Plays of the Month



Hall

SCENE IN MARY JOHNSTON'S POETIC DRAMA "THE GODDESS OF REASON" AT DALY'S THEATRE

" LIBERTY. "KASSA." Drama in three acts by John Luther Long. Produced January 23 with this cast:

Prince Bela Balvanossi ..Chas. A. Millward	Bosha .....L. W. Keller
Zickros Varsova.....Rubert Cummings	Hugo .....Charles Hayne
Father Lovak.....Harry Weaver	Mother Superior.....Martha Lewis
Father Kapi.....Thomas V. Morrison	Lady Jazel.....Eleanor Morretti
Noel .....Charles Mason	Countess Zoroff.....Florence Malone
Janos .....Charles Pitt	Layyos .....H. C. Potter
Lieutenant Varvas.....Eugene Ormande	Lilla .....Ella Day
Baron Sokoli.....William E. Shay	Charo .....Harriet Sterling
Hirsko .....Edward Langford	Mrs. Leslie Carter....Kassa of Kemisvar

Passionate Pelion piled on the emotional Ossa does not necessarily result in a drama of either conviction or stimulating eloquence. No one can witness Mrs. Leslie Carter's production of "Kassa" at the Liberty without feelings of sincere regret that so much money, time, energy, intelligence and capacity should be expended, not to say wasted, on such a futile vehicle. It seems incredible that such a gifted author as John Luther Long, a poet—for "Mme. Butterfly" has long since been accepted as a gem of its kind—could project such a commonplace treatment of an involved and impossible story of seduction, misery and madness. It is not unlikely that in the professional term of "licking it into shape" much of the poetry, sequence and value of Mr. Long's original have disappeared under the eliminating broad strokes of the editorial blue pencil. Certain it is, as the piece now stands, it possesses neither truth nor coherence. Nor does the dialogue ever rise to heights of poetical expression. It would seem to be rather a *rechauffé* of the sensational features of a string of Sardou plays with none of the skill of that expert technician displayed in their development.

MARIETTA OLLY

Distinguished actress from the Deutsches Theater, Berlin, who recently appeared with great success at the Irving Place Theatre, this city, in Bernstein's drama "Baccarat" ("La Rafale")

The scenery is stupendous in its massiveness, and yet save for the picturesqueness of the background there is little need for such extravagant settings. In fact, they might well be dispensed with for the time expended in putting them up only interrupts the little continuity which the story possesses. It is often asserted that actor-managers are a detriment to real dramatic art in that the ego is advanced to a degree of prominence utterly disproportionate to the story. It is certainly proof positive that their professional selfishness ultimately reflects upon their own achievements. A stage manager with a stern hand would have kept Mrs. Carter in check. As it is, she sweeps through the play with an utter disregard of all repression, delicacy or restraint. Hers is a passionate shriek from start to finish, so forcible at all times that a climax is wellnigh impossible. Of course, many of her hearers rejoice in these constant outbreaks, but with the judicious they can only grieve that so much power and talent go for so little.

Kassa, an hereditary Princess and Prima of Saint Lauka, is beguiled from her novitiate by Prince Bela Balvanossi, Imperial Chamberlain of the dual monarchy. The scene is laid in Austria-Hungary. The Prince, a voluptuary, deserts her after the birth of her child. The villainous Varsova, the Austrian Chancellor, would still further wrong Kassa, and to that end tries to bring about the death of Bela, but Kassa circumvents him in true Sardouesque style, but her final penalty is madness. It is a large and comprehensive company which Mrs. Carter has gathered to her support. It is stronger in numbers than in talent.

Eleanor Moretti stands out with a clean-cut, incisive personation of a Viennese charmer, and Charles Mason is distinctly impressive by his natural and tender rendering of Noel, a faithful retainer. In the leading rôle of Bela, Charles Millward is wooden, while Robert Cummings as the arch-villain, Varsova, is so stagey that he barely escapes the bounds of ridicule. The rest have little to do. It would be better if there were still less of it.

HUDSON. "The Third Degree." Play in four acts by Charles Klein. Produced February 1, 1909, with this cast:

Richard Brewster.....Edmund Breese	Mr. Bennington.....Walter Craven
Howard Jeffries.....John Flood	Det. Sergt. Maloney.....Alfred Moore
Howard Jeffries, Jr....Wallace Eddinger	Officer .....Henry Brown
Captain Clinton.....Ralph Delmore	Jones .....Verner Clarges
Robert Underwood.....Francis Byrne	Servant at Brewster's.....William Wray
Dr. Bernstein.....George Barnum	Annie Jeffries.....Helen Ware
Mrs. Howard Jeffries.....Grace Filkins	

In its bare outlines Mr. Klein's new play, the complete story of which appears elsewhere in this issue, is melodrama built on the familiar situation of an innocent man in the toils of the law, in imminent danger of losing his life through circumstantial evidence and, in this particular case, by reason of a confession procured from him by means of "the third degree." The kind of play that suggests itself to the mind of the theatregoer from this bald outline would hardly be worthy of consideration. It would not hold an audience of these days in a house of the first class. But Mr. Klein's play is something more, a great deal more. It is a study of character in a faithful wife, who has never been recognized by her husband's family, a woman of lowly origin, but with a true heart. The odds are all against her; she has no proof, only faith in her husband's innocence. His father refuses her plea in the name of humanity and decency to aid his son, her husband. Her first step toward success is in winning over a celebrated lawyer to defend him. This scene has so much original finesse in treatment and detail that we do not discredit it, in intention or in fact, in remarking that a similar scene in "The Long Strike" was the winning feature of Boucicault's play and made the reputation of Stoddart. If Mr. Breese, who plays the lawyer, had seen Stoddart in the part he might have given a performance commensurate with that of Miss Helen Ware as the wife.

The gist of this play lies in the character of the wife. The entire performance depends upon her. All the sympathy gathers there. All the tenderness is hers. All the other characters, almost without exception, are mechanical and belong to melodrama. Miss Ware and the part she plays are not melodramatic for one moment. Melodrama cannot avoid a touch of artificiality and theatricalism. Miss Ware in her acting and in the character of the wife as conceived in the play is human down to the last syllable.

The admirable thing about Mr. Klein's work is that while making use of a threadbare mechanism he fills it with vitality and makes it as modern as the minute that is now ticking off. The scene of "the third degree" is, of course, theatrical, but it is of the day. The practices of police officials, it is commonly understood, are dreadful and terrifying. That the accused young man was hypnotized by his oppressor by the aid of the gleam of the barrel of a pistol is perhaps unnecessary. A prisoner out of sheer weariness, after seven hours of brow-beating and questioning, dragged to his feet whenever he would sink into a chair, piteously begging them to cease from their torture, finally repeats the confession which the police captain forces upon him. At the moment he is about to yield the Captain holds before him a pistol with which the crime had been committed. We are asked to believe that the prisoner became hypnotized from the glitter of the pistol barrel. We do not think this element is necessary at all in any sense. The scene would be just as dramatic and true without this means of hypnotism. The acted scene, with Mr. Ralph Delmore as the Police Captain, is convincing enough without it.

The complications involving the stepmother of the faithful wife's husband is not impressive, nor is the play strengthened by having the heroine perjure herself for the sake of an unsympathetic character. But Miss Ware, by reason of her temperament and her ability to keep a character alive and sympathetic, makes her part possible after she sacrifices herself, by reason of her love for her husband, in order to save her husband's family from disgrace if the stepmother's conduct were exposed. She is too much of a patient Griselda in the last two acts, but her performance is one of the features of the season.

The play is full of situations and thrills, the interest is sustained

Hall

JULIA MARLOWE
In Mary Johnston's poetic drama "The Goddess of Reason" at Daly's Theatre

THE ORANGE FETE GIRLS IN "A STUBBORN CINDERELLA" AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE

to the end, and unless all signs fail, the Hudson has a success on its hands that will last it to the end of the season.

HACKETT. "THE VAMPIRE." Drama in three acts by Edgar Allan Woolf and George Sylvester Viereck. Produced January 18. The cast:

George Townsend.....Warner Oland	Allene Arden.....Katherine Florence
Mrs. Hauser.....Louise Dempsey	Caryl Fielding.....John Westley
Jack Walkham.....Mark Smith	Mr. Craig.....Richard Baker
Paul Hartleigh.....John E. Kellerd	Mr. Wm. MacNeil....George Pauncefort

The very minute the idea of the Overman was turned loose on the world it began working evil. The idea has been so developed that we are now asked to believe that Overmen are vampires and become possessed of the ideas of everybody in their neighborhood by means of some kind of mysterious mind reading or telepathy. Up to a short time ago, it was thought sufficiently startling that one man could communicate to the mind of another man a continuity of thought involving reason, and the execution of specific plans. Now the process is reversed, and instead of communicating one receives the entire contents of the mind of the man whom he makes his subject.

In the play entitled "The Vampire" the Overman secures entire poems by this process. He becomes famous by what he steals from the minds of others. It appears that the particular vampire of this play could absorb ideas in bulk and in detail by holding his hands over the head of his victim as if it were a new kind of warming pan. Why an Overman should have to steal other people's ideas is hardly consistent with the original conception of the Overman. To imagine that Balzac absorbed all the ideas in his neighborhood ignores the natural processes of his mind and denies him those qualities of observation and penetration which we ordinary people are disposed to admire in him. Of course, there is no such thing as an Overman. It is a mere figure of speech. If vampires of this kind, played so seriously by Mr. Kellerd, existed, the world would be no fit place to live in. All joy and all decency and security would depart. No man, woman or child would be safe. Child prodigies would have their careers arrested. Mozart never would have reached maturity.

The authors of this piece have ability, but it is misdirected. They have written a play that in its mechanical aspects is not bad, but there is no real action in it because only a small part of any audience could by any possibility accept the premises and become interested in the preposterous play. It is all brilliant nonsense, splendid virtuosity and rank empiricism. That it can be taken seriously by anybody is a tribute to the dynamic power of acting as acting and stage management as stage management. In other words, there are some simple minds that can be imposed upon by mere acting; but to the lover of the stage his illusion is almost shattered by beholding, for example, young Westley simulating nonsense as he would sense and, with his strong quality of temperament, expressing emotions that have no basis just as well as if they had. "The Vampire" will not live long after it encounters the sanity of what is sometimes contemptuously referred to as the Road.

MORE OF THE ORANGE FETE GIRLS SEEN IN "A STUBBORN CINDERELLA" AT THE BROADWAY

BROADWAY. "A STUBBORN CINDERELLA." Musical play in three acts. Book by Hough and Adams. Music by Jos. E. Howard. Produced January 25 with this cast:

Fat	Chas. Prince	"Mac"	John Barrymore
Skeeter	Robt. Harrington	Col. Hunt	James C. Marlowe
Sallie	Dorothy Brenner	Lady Leslie	Sallie Fisher
Lois	Alice Dovey	Lady Evelyn	Helen Salinger
A Tutor	Alan Brooks	An Engineer	Ben Turbett
Thaddeus Leonardo	Charles Rankin	An Indian	Don Merrifield

A story that dances its way from the East, half way across the continent, to a gorge in the mountains of New Mexico, keeping step to music perhaps, but none to sense of any sort, is adapted no doubt to those idlers whose continuity of thought does not hold out for more than two minutes at a time. Except for John Barrymore and Miss Sally Fisher, "the show," with all its scores of legs, would have no footing.

John Barrymore is a college student who takes it into his head to pass as the Italian sculptor from whose hand a monument is to be unveiled on the college campus. Miss Sally Fisher is an English girl with an aristocratic and titled aunt, who is absolutely ignorant of the world, and who falls in love with the college student without delay. The logical result of this state of affairs is that they are next found on a stalled Pullman train in New Mexico. Because the train is held up by a landslide John Barrymore does some modeling on a clay figure, gouging holes for the eyes and throwing his knife so as to make a slit for the mouth. In consequence of this an Indian chief comes on, and after the members of the party try in vain to make him understand by means of signs as they smoke the pipe of peace with him, when they address him in English he replies in a choice Irish brogue. This point being established it is rumored that a dangerous bear is in the neighborhood. A shot is heard and presently a comic character comes on triumphant with a ground squirrel of a diminutive kind. By reason of this, Mr. Barrymore is compelled to disguise himself and seek employment as a waiter, in which capacity he is chased by the head waiter up and down some steps, and does marvels of active foolery. As a result of this, Miss Sally Fisher has a dream as she sits by a boiling pot provided by this pot-boiler, and forty people in the wings sing, *When You First Kissed the Last Girl You Love.* Because of this song Mr. Barrymore appears as the Spanish lover in Miss Fisher's dream and does a courtly dance with her. The logical result of all the foregoing is a descriptive ballet, "The Orange Fête," divided into numbers a, b, c, d, e. The company contains some excellent singers, and Miss Dovey was impressive in her reasonable appeal to the moon in her song entitled, *Don't Be Anybody's Moon but Mine.* The details of Mr. Barrymore's foolery are too humorous to describe. That he has an initiative of his own, and that he is not an imitator and is genuine we record with confidence and with the assurance that, in our opinion, adverse criticism of him unduly places upon him the responsibility of the stupidity of the piece itself. He has the genius of his family and the grace of its expression.

LYCEUM. "THE DAWN OF A TO-MORROW." Play in three acts by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. Produced January 25 with this cast:

Sir Oliver Holt	Fuller Mellish	Barney	Claude Brooke
Mr. Oliver Holt	Aubrey Boucicault	Jem	Arthur Barry
Sir Bowling Burford	Fred W. Sidney	The Bat	Walter Dickinson
Dr. Heath	George Farren	Inspector Barnes	Henry Forrest
Dr. Satterley	Wallace Erskine	Feathers	Carrie Merrilees
Lord Tommy	Alan Pollock	Bet	Ada Dwyer
Dandy	Henry Stanford	Madge Delorme	Susanne Lee
The Thief	Roy Fairchild	Mimi	Marion Shelby
"Glad"	Miss Robson		

It is a kindly spirit which can believe that virtue can be free and triumphant in an atmosphere of distressing want and vice, that the song of the lark is in the throat of the unfed, and that all the decencies of life come from within and not from without. Mrs. Hodgson Burnett has created a Cinderella of the slums who represents this cheerful philosophy. When Glad, the maid of the tenements, is without a breakfast, she gets it in due season by wishing for it. Her hopes are all righteous hopes and keep her unconcerned. As the gray fog lifts and reveals a square in the tenement district on the East Side in London, after some commotion of the kind to be expected among the thieves and unfortunates of the quarter, a bundle of rags moves, and presently comes the figure that is to rule the play, and brings us under the

Moffett

FANNIE WARD

In the title rôle in Jerome K. Jerome's new comedy "The New Lady Bantock" at Wallack's Theatre

sway of kindly feeling toward all men. It is Glad. In the background a somber figure is leaning at the corner of the house, a pistol clutched in his hand ready to put an end to his unhappy existence. We had seen this man, Sir Oliver Holt, in the opening act, a miserable misanthrope, whom the doctors, at a consultation, had decreed incurable. One of the doctors had suggested mental healing, or let us say Christian Science, as a possible hope for his restoration to sanity, contentment and health. But he literally drives them from his presence and, summoning his servant, he has brought to him an old suit of clothes and a pistol, determined to make his way to the most squalid quarters on the East Side, and there commit suicide, unknown and unhonored, among the unhappy of the great city. From the moment he meets Glad a new influence comes into his life. Glad saves a wife from a beating by her brutal husband. They are without food, and the miserable rich man's sympathies begin to stir when Glad suggests that coffee and rolls be supplied. This is done. He gives Glad a gold coin, and one of the thieves snatches it from her hand. Sir Oliver joins in the chase and returns with the coin. He has had a vivifying and healthful experience. He follows her to her attic room and learns there the story of her life and that of her lover, a thief because he had never had a chance. Glad expounds her philosophy from time to time in her cockney dialect, and finally her compelling faith and love bring about a change in Sir Oliver. We

(*Continued on page xiii*)

Copyright Mishkin
SIGNOR POLESE
As Iago

Copyright Mishkin
MME. DORIA
As Herodias

Copyright Dupont
MARY RANZENBERG
In "Die Walküre"

Dupont
OLIVE FREMSTADT
As Isolde

Copyright Dupont
FRANCES ALDA
In "Le Villi"

Copyright Dupont
JEAN NOTE
In "Aïda"

"Salome" at the Manhattan Opera House

AND now it is "Salome" again. After the sensation of two years ago when Richard Strauss' music drama was performed at the Metropolitan Opera House and was then removed from the repertoire after a single presentation—at the express wish, or command, shall we say? of the directors—after all this it was difficult to prophesy what would happen to the work when Oscar Hammerstein presented it at the Manhattan Opera House.

The town was full of wiseacres—and they held impromptu meetings in the lobbies of the opera houses—who wagged their heads, put their one finger (each) against the side of their nose (each) and said:

"Remember the fate of 'Mrs. Warren's Profession'? After the police got through with it the public was through with it, too, and it died a natural death."

But these dear old prophets forgot that the public never does the same thing twice. If it did, all opera and theatre managers would be many times millionaires to-day.

And then there was another factor—irreverent as it may seem to lug it in here. It was, namely, that between the two productions of the "Salome" music drama, the city and the public have been deluged with vaudeville "Salomes"—girls of various weights and curves, in all manner of undress cavorting, sighing, yearning, and even heaving after the possession of the papier-maché head of John the Baptist. Don't smile at the suggestion that vaudeville has anything to do with the public's grand opera taste—for there is more than a modicum of truth in it. In a word, the great public had grown hardened to the decadent longing of the daughter of Herodias. So, when a few weeks ago, the curtain of the Manhattan Opera House rose upon the first presentation in this auditorium of Richard Strauss' famous and infamous work the audience was a big one, and it was intensely eager. There was not any extraordinary commotion, the public did not tear its hair nor the lining out of its purse buying seats from speculators at fancy figures, but it attended en masse, and it sat interestedly through the whole performance. Then it applauded mildly—there was no furore. Several curtain calls, and then the audience went forth; and the first New York stage reincarnation of Strauss' "Salome" had been witnessed.

Since then there have been quite a number of repetitions, always to large audiences. Some of the daily papers have hysterically pointed out the hideous immorality of the work, and they have applied "yellow" methods of arousing the public to a sense of indignation. But these dear hysterical and prudish scribes have shot by their mark. They should have begun their campaign last summer when the name "Salome" covered a multitude of nakedness and when, for the sheer excuse of exposing undraped ladies in public accompanied by nonsensically bad music wretchedly performed, almost every vaudeville stage boasted its own "Salome." At that time sensation was the chief aim of the managers. The greater the expanse of bare skin, and the more suggestive the movements of "dancing," the greater the public clamor. Then the selfsame "yellows" kept right quiet, printing pictures of these ladies, so that those who could not see could at least read.

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GERALDINE FARRAR IN "LA TRAVIATA"
(Metropolitan)

Copyright Mishkin
MME. ESPINASSE AS NEDDA
(Manhattan)

Photo Byron

Salome (Mary Garden) Herod (Charles Dalmores)

Salome: "I ask thee for the head of Jokanaan."
Herod: "No, I will not give it thee."

SCENE IN RICHARD STRAUSS' ONE-ACT OPERA "SALOME" PRODUCED RECENTLY AT THE MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE

There was no excuse under the sun for these "Salomes," save that of depravity. And no one thought it worth while to preach against them.

But there is some excuse for Richard Strauss' "Salome," for it is a musically dramatic masterpiece. Call its story gruesome and decadent, call its theme revolting, call its music complex and ugly — and when you are quite through, and when all is said and done the cold, hard fact still stares you in the ears that this score is the greatest score of modern times. If it were merely sensational, a single hearing, or at most, two hearings would serve to rob the work of all appeal. But the oftener one hears the work—if one really listens to it, and does not allow moral prejudices to clog one's ears—the more one realizes what a huge bit of writing it is. That's where Strauss' cleverness lies. He knows he is a great musician, and he spills his powers across the pages of the "Salome" score. Had this music been of commonplace texture and of mediocre workmanship, be convinced that "Salome" would have died long, long ago. Nothing could have saved it—not even the sensational depravity of the libretto. As it is, "Salome" lives because it is great. To the intelligent listener this music is tremendous, and he will be content even to let his gorge rise at every seeing of the work for the sake of hearing the wonders of the score.

MARCELLA SEMBRICH

The distinguished Polish coloratura singer who has just retired from the operatic stage after a career of over thirty years. Sembrich, who is now in her fiftieth year, made her début at Athens in 1878, and later was hailed in every capital of Europe as the successor of Patti. She came to America in 1883, making her début at the Metropolitan in "Lucia." Hereafter Madame Sembrich will be heard only on the concert stage

And right here, before the Manhattan performance itself is touched upon, let us be quite frank about the story. Efforts have been made, officially, to whitewash the libretto of "Salome," to enamel it would probably be better term for the process pursued. We all know what Oscar Wilde's moral obliquities were, and this is a product of his brain. To purify Salome's love for the gory head of John would be to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. The good folks who are on this campaign of morally cleansing the daughter of Herodias had better put up their whitewash brushes and go home. She's a hopeless case. Even the rickety Herod complains to Herodias about Salome, saying:

"She is a monster, your daughter."

So she is—and let it rest at that. If the cleansing brigade succeeds in clearing sin from the head of the dancing decadent, then they have defeated the author's own purpose. No. Let us leave such childishness to children. There's no excuse under the heavens for the passion exhibited by Salome. But that is not all there is to "Salome" by any manner of means, for no reckoning is complete until the music has been taken into account. And when that is taken into account by thinking, listening people, it will be found a great piece of work, the product of an extraordinary musical brain. Never mind harping so constantly upon the sheer quality of "beauty." There is much in the world of art that is great and wonderful and that is not beautiful at the same time. Beauty, like morality, is a thing of arbitration and of geography. There is no universal rule for being beautiful—neither is there one for being good. But this is digression.

Mary Garden was the Salome in the Manhattan production. That she was beautiful to gaze upon goes quite without saying. Little wonder that the Tetrarch focussed his mole eyes upon her. And when she danced she raised her audience into the seventh heaven of the seven veils. She postured and posed, and she struck a thousand attitudes that informed the audience of the beauteous lines of her contour. It was not sensational, this dancing, nor was her costume merely an excuse for unveilings. It was a novelty for a Salome to do the dance herself, as it has been customary for the singer to enlist the services of a ballerina to prance before the throne of Herod in imitation of Herodias' daughter. But Miss Garden did it herself, and as aforesaid, she did it beautifully.

Throughout was her acting of that exalted plasticity that has marked all her stage work here. She embodied the sense of unrest, of curiosity and of decadence. And she was entirely successful in what she did. At moments the dramatic intensity of this mental wanton seemed rather overshadowed by her fleeting moods. She acted, about the promise of the head of the prophet, much as a child does with the promise of a new toy. From one end of the bench to the other did she slide, then slinking over to leer into the cistern. And when she got the treasured trophy the outside world disappeared, and she devoted herself to this hideous love making. It was ghastly. Vocally, Mary Garden did not earn new laurels. This music is intensely difficult, and it makes unreasonable demands upon the singers. Her voice did not meet all these demands—particularly after the dance was she so bereft of breath that she resorted to talking some of the text. But this was all reasonable enough. She does not pose as a great singer, and her art must be taken as an exceptional combination of acting and singing. But, after all, Strauss himself is reported to have said that he had little respect for the singers, since the message is borne by his orchestra. Suffice it then, that Mary Garden was a satisfying Salome in her acting, and an extremely beautiful one in her dancing and posing.

As Herod, Dalmores was capital. He was possessed of nervous unrest, was alive with unholy desire, and acted a prey to his own wretched imagination. Dufranne, as Jokanaan was excellent, singing beautifully and acting impressively; and Valles was a good Naraboth. Doria was Herodias, and she looked far from

(*Continued on page xi*)

Photo Gertrude Kessbren

CARLOTTA NILLSON, WHO IS NOW APPEARING IN A NEW PLAY ENTITLED "THIS WOMAN AND THIS MAN"

This sympathetic and very capable actress, whose remarkable success in "The Three of Us" at the Madison Square Theatre is a matter of recent stage history, has been appearing at the Adelphi Theatre in Philadelphia in a new piece by Avery Hopwood, the author of "Clothes," and will shortly be seen in the work in New York. The play is said to be daring in theme, Miss Nillson having attempted an experiment in a rôle which for quiet realism and the frank presentation of the facts of life is almost unprecedented on the stage

The Stars of To-morrow

Every now and again in Broadway productions some member of the cast hitherto unknown to fame makes a distinct individual hit. It may be only a bit, a small part which no one, not even the manager or author, expected would be noticed, and it was perhaps entrusted to a novice. Yet there is something in the way it is acted, a certain magnetism in the player that makes the audience instantly sit up and ask, "Who is she?" Many stars now heading their own companies laid the cornerstone of their popularity in this way. The THEATRE MAGAZINE *will present each month, under this heading, brief personal sketches and portraits of those younger actresses and actors whose talents have won for them recognition on the current metropolitan stage*

LAURA NELSON HALL'S portrayal of the character of Elfie Sinclair, the cheerful *demie-mondaine* of "The Easiest Way," was of such spontaneity, force and abandon that all who saw it asked questions about the picturesque young woman. Miss Hall's professional career began twelve years ago in Philadelphia as extra lady with George Holland's stock company. Her salary was six dollars a week. She also served a valuable apprenticeship in stock companies in Salt Lake City, New Orleans, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Columbus and Cleveland. In Cleveland she played an engagement of seventy-eight weeks without a break. Altogether, she has played more than three hundred and fifty leading parts. Her first New York appearance was in Clyde Fitch's "The Moth and the Flame." This was followed by a road tour in Sidney Rosenfeld's "The Purple Lady." She appeared in the leading woman's rôle in "An Enemy to the King" at two hours' notice, and she was in the original production of "Starbucks" with Theodore Roberts, and was a co-star in the Sardou plays with Melbourne McDowell. She played special matinées of the stellar part in "The Three of Us" at the Madison Square Theatre in New York. Her Pam in Clyde Fitch's "Girls" preceded her present success.

LAURA NELSON HALL

When a handsome young fellow strode up a mimic mountain and clasped Frances Starr in his arms in "The Easiest Way," wise ones in the audience observed that Belasco had found new material for juvenile leads. Edward H. Robins played with the easy authority of a veteran, yet he is only twenty-seven, and the period of his stage experience is but six years. Half a dozen years ago a smooth-faced, confident young fellow of twenty-one called on Creston Clark when that star was playing in Shamokin, Pa. Mr. Clark gave him an engagement. After a season with Creston Clark the young actor joined a stock company in Detroit. Thence he went to Chicago, where for three years he was a matinée idol of the Bush Street Temple.

WALLACE EDDINGER

Oza Waldrop, who plays the saucy and bookish girl in "The Chaperon," belongs to the order of "The Native Daughters of the Golden West." Every girl born in California is a member of, or is eligible to, this order. Her father was a Baptist clergyman. "The minister's little girl" became the prize pupil at school on "speaking pieces." The stage passion having seized her, she applied to Fred Belasco, manager of the Alcazar Theatre. "I kept on applying," she said, "until I had called at the theatre at least one hundred and fifty times. One evening I pushed my way through to the stage. Mr. Belasco was walking the stage fuming, a telegram in his hand. How could he replace the young woman who had been taken ill with the grippe just as they were beginning rehearsals of "The Heart of Maryland"? With impudent assurance, I told him that I could play the part. He gave me a dubious look and replied: "Now, little girl, you know you're fibbing. But anyone who can fib as well as you can certainly can act. I will give you a trial." She played the part, with the result that she signed a contract for two years for the ingenue rôles of the Alcazar company. She played Bess in "The Light That Failed," Midge in "The Dancing Girl," Hope in "Soldiers of Fortune," Kitty Ives in "The Wife," Susan in "Held by the Enemy," and Simplicity Johnson in "Lover's Lane," making in the last part so favorable an impression that a company was sent with the play to eastern cities with Miss Waldrop featured in it. Later she joined a Chicago stock company, after which she was engaged for the juvenile rôle in "Paid in Full."

OZA WALDROP

EDWARD H. ROBINS

A sturdy, handsome young fellow made his entrance in the part of the rich young patron of the arts in "The Vampire," and some said: "That lad looks as Mark Smith did when he played in 'Erminie' in its famous three-hundred-night run at the Casino." Quickly the answering whisper went round, "That is Mark Smith's boy, his only son." Mark Smith III, who is indeed marvelously like his late father in appearance as well as in his gift of comedy, began his stage career the season of 1903-04, when he joined "The Jersey Lily" company. This was followed by a special engagement at the Berkeley Lyceum as Lord Beufog in "A School." Belasco engaged the lad to create the rôle of Master of Ceremonies in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs." Later he played Darby O'Donovan with Miss Henrietta Crosman, and Captain Tom Stafford with Miss Bertha Galland. He also played Jacques Rigault in "Zaza." He next created the character of Brigham Smudge, the Mormon Bishop in "Marrying Mary," and played the part two seasons with Miss Marie Cahill. Another creation was Dick Hampton in "Captain Clay of Missouri" early this season. He is now rehearsing with Miss Mary Mannering preparatory to opening with her in her new play by Langdon Mitchell.

Wallace Eddinger, who plays with such convincing realism the part of Howard Jeffries, Jr., the young man who is subjected by the police to the dreadful ordeal known as "the third degree" in Charles Klein's new play of that name, hardly needs an introduction to the readers of this magazine. Theatregoers of less than a generation ago who call upon their stage memories will have no difficulty in remembering golden-haired little Wallie Eddinger who for several seasons held the center of the stage as one of the famous Little Lord Fauntleroys. His impersonation of the juvenile classic rôle was almost as successful as that of Elsie Leslie. He is a true child of the stage, for he comes of a theatrical family. When he was about 14, Wallie retired temporarily from the stage to complete his education, but talent so conspicuously displayed when a child could not be squelched and, unlike most wonder-children who rarely carry out the early promise, Wallace Eddinger has made good in later life. His first real hit was in "Classmates," as the West Point sneak who is hazed by his comrades and goes to the tropics to suffer all the tortures of the South American jungle. The part itself was not a sympathetic one, but the naturalism and forcefulness of his acting won instant recognition.

MARK SMITH, III

Story of "The Easiest Way" Told in Text and Picture

Photo Byron, N. Y. Annie (Emma Dunn) Laura Murdock (Frances Starr)

Act II. Annie, the colored hired girl of the cheap, shabby boarding house, insinuates that plenty of "rale nice gen'lemin are ready to take care of Miss Laura if only she warn't so partickoolar"

THE easiest way is the hardest way. This is the trite yet wholesome moral pointed in Eugene Walter's drama of metropolitan life, which all New York is flocking to the Stuyvesant Theatre to see. In some quarters there is a disposition to stamp the play as objectionable because of its theme, which deals with the attempt of a young courtesan to regain respectability through unselfish love and her utter, miserable failure. The younger Dumas took the same idea for his "Dame Aux Camélias," only the French dramatist is less brutal than the American author in his dénouement. Camille, dying of consumption to slow music in the arms of the forgiving Armand, has at least a sentimental finish that never fails to excite the tear-ducts of the tender matinée maiden. The ending of the Walter play shocks by its frank brutality, and perhaps the moral lesson conveyed is the stronger for it. No one can watch that tense closing scene where Laura Murdock, repudiated and despised by the men she has tricked, sees that the only course left to her is to return to the old life, without being gripped by the tragedy of it—the tragedy of a human soul irrevocably damned. The argument that such themes are unfit for the stage is nonsense. If the function of the theatre is to hold the mirror up to nature the dramatist is within his rights when he exposes rottenness in the social structure. No one can say that "The Easiest Way" is not a faithful reflection of the life it portrays. Mr. Walter has written a very human drama, one that is almost flawless in its technique, thrilling in its situations, brilliant in dialogue and tense in the suspense which never lags.

New York, and every other big city for that matter, is full of Laura Murdocks. They are to be found—thousands of them—wherever the pleasure call is strong, in the gay restaurants and lobster places of the Great White Way, drinking champagne on beer incomes, riding in their own automobiles, wearing gowns and jewels that a duchess might envy. Many of these girls started their careers as manicures, cloak models, chorus girls, actresses. Clearly their legitimate earnings do not suffice to

provide for this luxurious style of living. The money must be procured in some other way, and the only way they know is "the easiest way."

Some years before the play begins Laura Murdock was playing small rôles in a western stock company. She had married when very young a drunken brute who later committed suicide. A hotly resents interference. He is acquainted with Laura's past and he tells Brockton to his face that he is a scoundrel. He admits he hasn't money enough to marry on, but he has unlimited confidence in himself, and while he is making his fortune Laura has agreed to get along as best she can. Brockton is still cynical and again warns the young man that Laura, having grown ac-

Photo Byron, N. Y. Laura (Frances Starr) Brockton (Joseph Kilgour)

Act III. Brockton draws Laura's attention to a despatch in the morning paper, stating that John Madison has made a large fortune out West and is on his way to New York

period of poverty and discouragement followed for Laura until she met William Brockton, a New York broker, who offered her a luxurious home with fine clothes and plenty of money on the terms that usually obtain in the half world. Brockton's influence along Broadway also secures good engagements for his *protegée*, and the piece opens when Laura is visiting in Colorado after a stock engagement in Denver. Out West she has met a newspaper reporter named John Madison, with whom she falls genuinely in love. Brockton comes to take her back to New York. She tells him she loves Madison and is determined to break away from her old life forever. Brockton is sceptical. An unscrupulous, *blasé* man of the world, he has had too much experience with women of Laura's weak, luxury-loving kind to have much faith in their spasmodic outbursts of virtue, and in a spirit of friendliness he warns Madison that he will make the mistake of his life if he persists in his intentions to marry the girl. Madison customed to extravagance, will not be able to endure poverty. It is finally agreed between the two men that if Laura, becoming discouraged, should at any time decide to go back to her former life she shall herself notify Madison in writing. Madison's faith is unbounded. He goes away to make his fortune while Laura returns to New York, gives up her luxurious quarters and, taking a room in a cheap boarding house, seeks a theatrical engagement.

But engagements are difficult to obtain. She finds all doors closed to her and gradually her resources melt away. Her landlady clamors for the rent and she has to pawn her clothes and her jewels. The only thing that supports her in this hour of trial is her love for John Madison, who is still out West. She reads his letters, weeps over his photographs and waits and starves. The landlady gets impatient. Her last dollar is gone. She is about to be driven into the streets. Obtaining an engagement is now an utter impossibility. She is too shabby to go around to

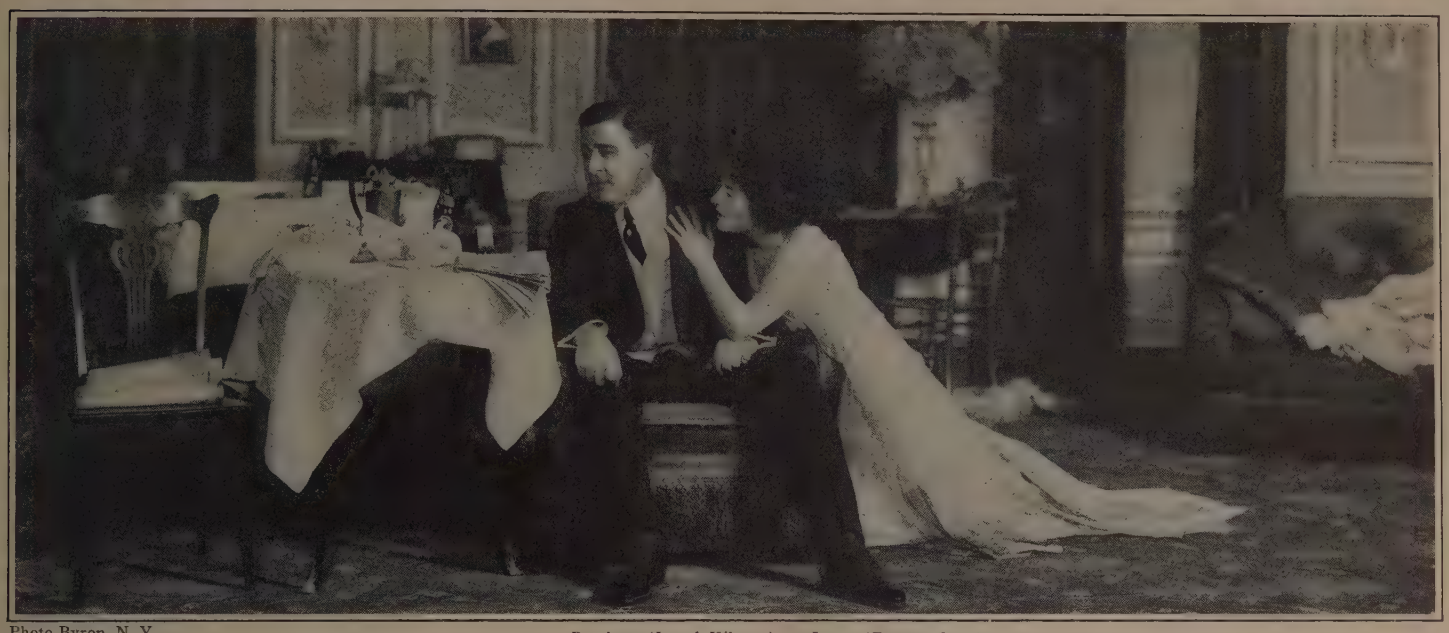

Photo Byron, N. Y.

Brockton (Joseph Kilgour) Laura (Frances Starr)

Act III. Laura goes down on her knees and implores Brockton to give her this last chance to secure happiness

the agencies. At this critical point, Elfie St. Clair comes to see her. She is an old friend, a girl who, like herself, went the easiest way, and is still following it. Elfie is shocked at the sight of her friend's pinched features and shabby appearance, and says she is a fool to go on suffering in this way when Brockton is willing to take her back. In a scene that borders on coarseness in its frank revelations of the relations between these women of the half world and their male companions, Laura's determination to remain in the straight path is gradually undermined. She is too weak to resist any longer. Brockton comes in, gives her a handful of banknotes, the irate landlady is pacified, and Laura departs to buy new gowns. Before leaving, however, Brockton, true to his promise to Madison, insists upon her writing a letter to her young lover telling him she no longer loves him and has gone back to him (Brockton). She writes the letter at his command, but destroys it directly his back is turned.

In the next act Laura is seen once more as the fashionably attired courtesan, installed in her sumptuous apartment, surrounded by all the luxuries money can buy. But she is far from happy. Brockton is beginning to tire of her and she, despising herself, hates him. Brockton sees in a morning newspaper a telegram stating that John Madison has made a large fortune in a Nevada gold mine and is now on his way to New York. Almost simultaneously a telegram arrives for Laura. It is from Madison. He says he is rich and coming to New York to marry her. She tries to hide the telegram, but Brockton is too quick for her. He suspects she has been lying to him and finally forces her to admit that she never mailed the letter to Madison. Brockton, furious, almost beats her in his rage. He says she has made him appear to have failed in his promise to Madison and he threatens to tell

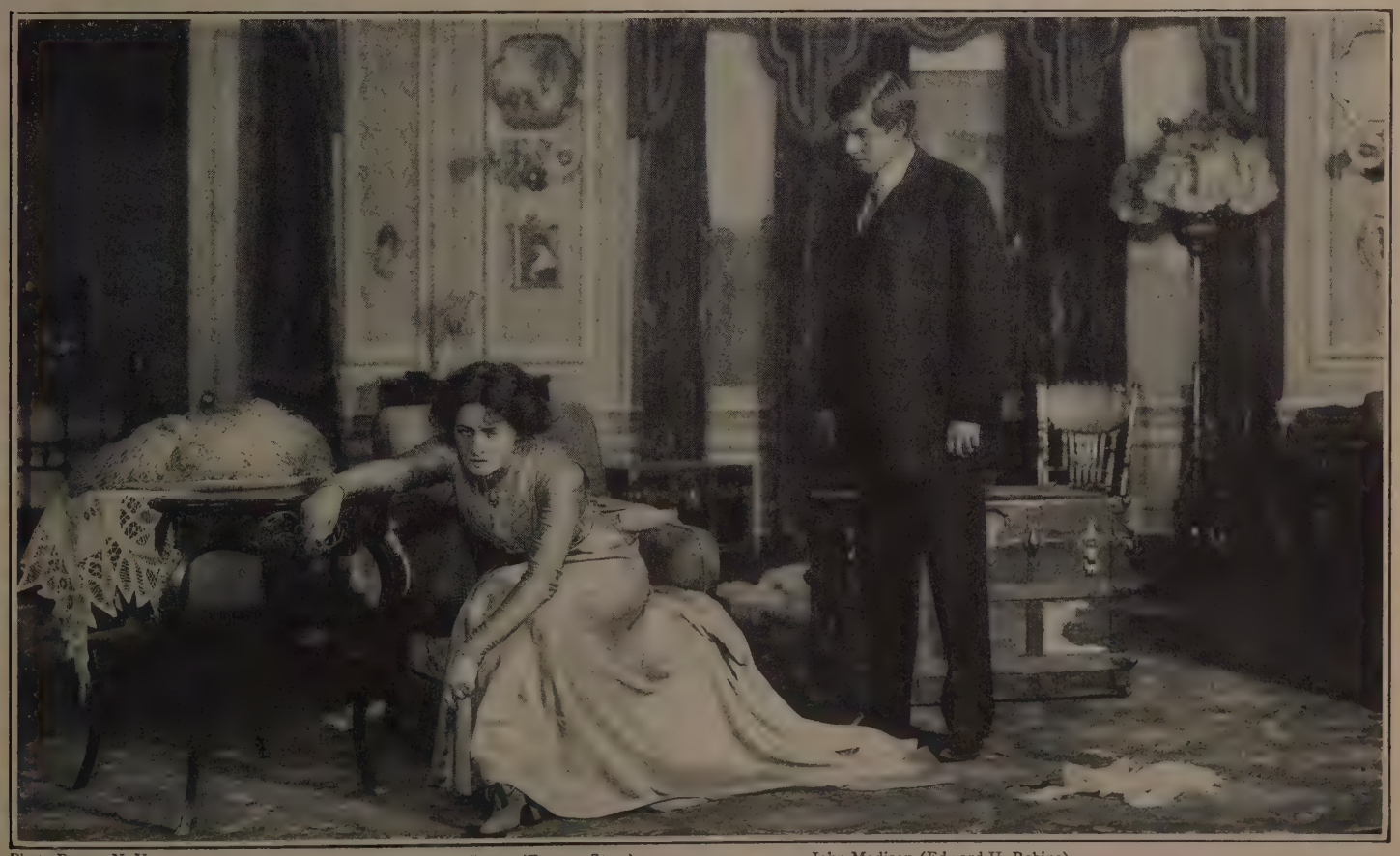

Photo Byron, N. Y.

Laura (Frances Starr) John Madison (Edward H. Robins)

Act IV. Madison tells Laura that he has heard certain things down town and he only asks her to assure him that they are false

all on the young man's arrival. Laura goes down on her knees and implores him to give her this last chance. Marriage to Madison means everything to her. He is obdurate. He will surely expose her unless she promises to tell Madison herself. She promises and Brockton goes away. Elfie St. Clair comes in. She advises Laura to say nothing to Madison, to marry him at once and to go away. John arrives, happy and unsuspecting, and says sternly that this is the end. He will never forgive her and he starts to leave. Laura, distracted at losing the coveted happiness that was almost hers, takes a revolver and threatens to shoot herself if he abandons her. He is indifferent, but calls in the maid to be a witness that her act is voluntary. But the girl who was too weak to endure poverty, is also too cowardly to die by her own hand. Madison laughs cynically and goes away as

Photo Byron, N. Y. Laura (Frances Starr) Annie (Emma Dunn)

Act IV. "Annie, get my prettiest dress. I'm going to Rector's to-night to make a hit. And then to hell afterwards!"

hurries down town for the marriage license. Laura, overjoyed, hastens to prepare her trunks for the journey. Presently John returns, a set and serious expression on his face. He has heard things down town. Laura insists that it is all slander. Believing her, he is about to take her to his heart when suddenly there is the ominous click of a latchkey being pushed in the door. It is the most dramatic moment of the play. Brockton comes in, walks unconcernedly past the two, goes into the inner room, puts on a house coat and, sitting down by the fire, lights a cigar. Evidently he is at home. Madison, striving to control himself, asks Laura hoarsely what this man's presence means. She says nothing and hangs her head. Madison understands. He pulls a revolver, but Laura throws herself between them and begs him not to shoot. Brockton tells him that she has lied to both of them. He washes his hands of her and goes away. Madison if glad to be rid of her. Laura gives way to hysterical grief. Then, staggering to her feet, she snatches up her most becoming hat, and, in an outburst of cynical anguish, cries out to her colored maid: "Annie, get my prettiest dress! I'm going to Rector's to-night to make a hit! And then to hell afterwards!"

When we say that the play was staged by Belasco, it goes without saying that it is a perfect production. The extraordinary elaboration of detail has much to do with the impression of realism and truth which the play makes upon the audience. It was Belasco's own idea to entrust the leading rôle to an actress youthful and ingenuous in appearance. It was good judgment. A more sophisticated looking actress in the part might have created an impression less favorable. The complete cast was as follows:

John Madison.....Edward H. Robins	Laura Murdock.....Frances Starr
Willard Brockton.....Joseph Kilgour	Elfie St. Clair.....Laura Nelson Hall
Jim Weston.....William Sampson	Annie .....Emma Dunn

CONSTANT COQUELIN, PRINCE OF COMEDIANS

Cyrano de Bergerac

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Scarpia in "La Tosca"

Don Annibal in "L'Aventurière"

Mathias in "Le Juif Polonais"

BY the death of Constant Coquelin, the world has lost its greatest comedian. In his native France, where the actor was beloved by theatregoers to the point of veneration and regarded almost as one of the family in every home, his death assumed the importance of a national bereavement. His fame had spread to all countries, and his name was indissolubly connected with the highest achievements in the dramatic art. A lofty pinnacle this, to the summit of which few players have ever attained. Coquelin, above all, represented academic training and the classic in dramatic literature. When he visited the United States a few years ago he stood for tradition. He dazzled us with the fineness, the perfection of his art, demonstrating that academic training does not destroy individuality, for while he was supreme in classic parts, which necessarily have their basis in tradition, his range included types of his own day. To see him play a character from Molière, to watch his Tartuffe or his Cyrano was to be convinced of the wonderful verity of his characterizations. In all his impersonations Coquelin was strikingly faithful to the original inspiration and conception of his great Master, whose fidelity to Nature was constant; whose fascinating verse, artificial in other dramatists of his period, held the accents of truth. Now that Coquelin is dead, will the spirit and form and vitality of these classic characters be maintained on the French stage? It would be well worth the while. The solidarity of dramatic literature, of art, of the history of the stage, of national pride, would be conserved. Under the prevailing commercial conditions in America, can anything in our drama become classic? It will be impossible unless we have plays that deserve to become classic, and which will be acted as time goes on in the original spirit and form of their day. That Coquelin did this wonderful thing there can be no question; and what he did was a precious service to France. His performance of Rostand's Cyrano de Bergerac was undoubtedly much superior to that of Mansfield. Here it was a question of art perhaps more than of individuality. The lesson to be derived from the career of Coquelin is that there are ascending as well as descending currents in the atmosphere of the stage, and that the permanent and artistic are at least as well worth cultivating as the evanescent and commercial.

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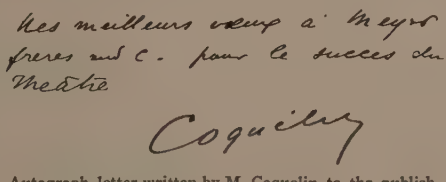
THE LATE CONSTANT COQUELIN

Benoit Constant Coquelin was born at Boulogne-sur-Mer in 1841. His father was a baker and encouraged his son to learn the business, but at a very early age Constant showed irresistible inclination towards the stage. He gained admission to the Conservatoire, where he became a pupil of Regnier, and under that great actor's tuition carried off the second prize for comedy. This at once secured for him the coveted honor of joining the glorious company of the Comédie Française. He became Sociétaire in 1864, and his exceptional skill in portraying the most important comedy rôles of the classic and modern repertoire soon placed him in the front rank of the actors of his day. In 1886 Coquelin left the Théâtre Français for a tour abroad. He returned to the Français in 1890, and left it definitely two years later to fill new foreign engagements. In 1894 he visited America in company with Jane Hading. The season of 1900-01 he again visited the United States with Sarah Bernhardt, appearing in repertoire with great success. At the time of his death he was rehearsing Rostand's new play, "Chanteclair."



Autograph letter written by M. Coquelin to the publishers during his last visit to this country, expressing his best wishes for the success of the THEATRE MAGAZINE

Copyright Dupont
Flambeau in "L'Aiglon"

Copyright Dupont
Grave Digger in "Hamlet"

In "La Dame de Monsoreau"

"Gringoire"

At the Tomb of George Frederick Cooke

IN the lower end of Broadway, where men are ever struggling in the making or the marring of the mighty millionaire, in that arena where the rise or fall of the market is the one absorbing thought, there is, near the center of this seething turmoil of unrest, a calm and peace-breathing spot—old St. Paul's Chapel with its beautiful yard. This yard, a bit of green grass and shading trees, dotted over with quaint gravestones and monuments, appeals in vain to the hurrying, nervous, tired souls, who with unseeing eyes pass by the gates that stand wide in gracious welcome. The tourist pays a perfunctory call, and an occasional pair of sweethearts make this their rendezvous; but the average New Yorker knows very little of dear old St. Paul's, and even less of the distinguished people who are here sleeping their last sleep. The sweetness of this lovely "acre" is wasted on the indifferent air of Broadway.

GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE

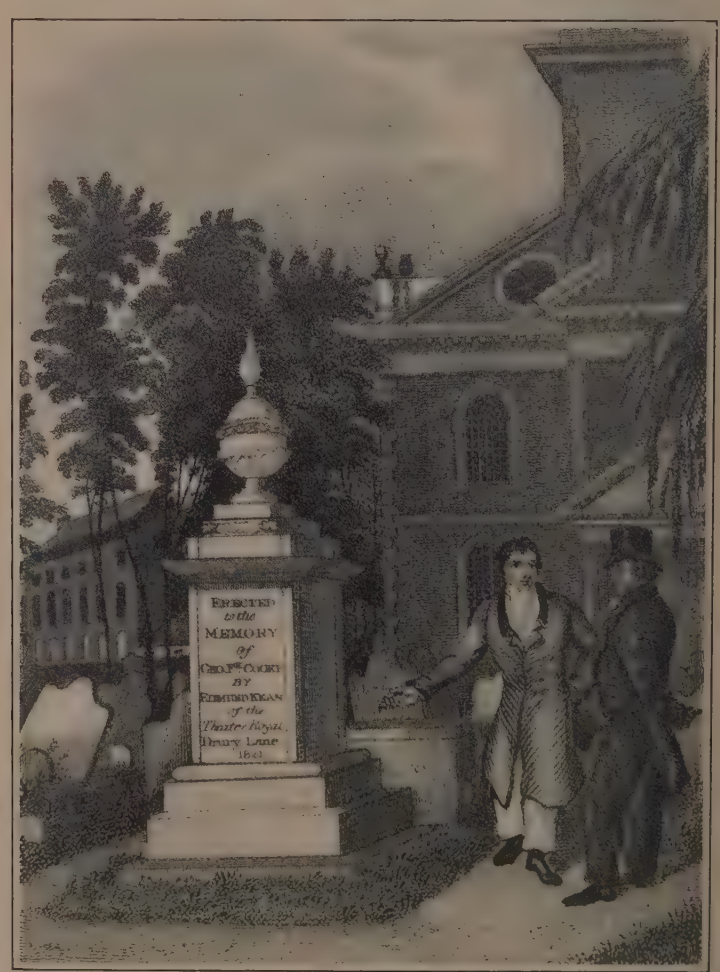
Down in the heart of the graveyard of this one building, which turns its back upon Broadway, stands the monument Edmund Kean erected in memory of the man he deemed the greatest of all actors, Garrick alone excepted, and that man — George Frederick Cooke.

It is nearly a century now since Cooke came to us to show us what great art meant. Dunlap says: "It appeared as impossible that the great London actor should be removed to America as that St. Paul's Cathedral should have been transplanted across the ocean. Englishmen in New York swore roundly it could not be. It was some other performer of the same name; it was even insinuated that the whole thing was an imposition."

Cooke, born in 1756, had had the vast privilege of seeing all the famous players of his day; Charles Macklin, that old-time actor, whose Shylock Pope declared to be the Jew that Shakespeare drew; and Cooke himself writes: "The characters I had the happiness of seeing that grand master of the stage, Garrick, illustrate, were Lear, Hamlet (twice), Leon (twice), Benedict (twice), Don Felix (twice), Kitely." He had played with Mrs. Siddons, "the greatest tragic actress the world has ever known"; with beautiful Dora Jordan, whom Hazlitt calls "the child of nature, whose voice was a cordial to the heart because it came from it rich, full, like the luscious juice of the grape; to hear whose laugh was to drink nectar; whose smile 'made sunshine' not 'in the shady places,' but amidst dazzling lights and in glad theatres. She was exuberance and grace, 'her bounty was as boundless as the sea; her love as deep.'" John Philip Kemble had acknowledged him a dangerous rival, and Cooke's admiration for "Black Jack" was unbounded. Well could he afford to be generous in his estimate of the peerless Coriolanus, for had he not made good his threat of former years, "Hark ye, Black Jack,—hang me if I don't make you tremble in your pumps one day yet"? And had not Kemble been obliged to relinquish Richard to him?

In that charming record, "Old New York," Dr. John W. Francis, writing from a close and personal knowledge of the immortal George Frederick, says:

"The arrival of Cooke in this country constitutes the greatest epoch in the progress of the drama, and is the period at which the historian of the American stage turns to contemplate the wonders of scenic powers. On the night of the 21st of November, 1810, Cooke appeared at the Park Theatre in 'Richard III,' before an unprecedently crowded house. His vast renown had preceded him; but every anticipation was more than realized. He had reached his fifty-fourth year, yet possessed all the physical energies of thirty. The old playgoers, by his expositions, discovered a mine of wealth in Shakespeare, now first opened. His commanding person, his expressive countenance, his elevated front, his eye, his every feature and movement, his intonations, showed the great master who eclipsed all predecessors. His capacious intellect, his boldness and originality, at once convinced his hearers of the superiority of his study and his matchless comprehension of his great author. The critics pronounced him the first of living actors: he engrossed all minds. It must suffice at this time to observe, that this remarkable man and performer, during his whole career in the several cities of the Union, sustained his dramatic reputation unimpaired. The sad infirmity which too often laid hold of him, to the casual detriment of his great abilities, was dealt with by the public more in pity than in anger; and, indeed, he seemed to be at times beloved the more



TOMB IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, NEW YORK
Erected by Edmund Kean to the memory of George Frederick Cooke, whom he considered the greatest of all actors, Garrick alone excepted

for the dangers he had passed. He was of a kindly disposition, of great benevolence, and filled with charitable impulses. His strong mental powers were improved by reading, yet more by observation and a study of mankind.

"Self-reliance was his distinguishing quality, few ever were at any time able to overcome his determination. His resolves scarcely ever yielded. When not influenced by the goblet, his conversation was instructive and his manner urbane; he had a tear for distress and a hand of liberality for want. He was a great original, and had the logic within himself to justify innovation. His master was Nature, and he would submit to no artificial rhetoric. He thought much of Kemble and everything of Garrick, both of whom he had seen perform. He cherished an exalted idea of his art. And yet, that one stain on his character, his mania for drink (a periodical disease often of some duration), dethroned his high purpose, and at times degraded him below the dignity of a man. In that condition his whole nature was altered, and his appearance almost diabolical; you dwindled under his indignant frown; no violence was like his, abuse of kindest friends, extravagance beyond limits, obstinancy invincible. On the return of right reason, he would cast a withering glance around him and ask, 'What part is George Frederick Cooke placarded for to-night?'

"After one of those catastrophes to which I have alluded, I paid him a visit at early afternoon, the better to secure his attendance at the theatre. He was seated at his table, with many decanters, all exhausted, save two or three appropriated for candlesticks, the lights at full blaze. He had not rested for some thirty hours or more. With much ado, aided by Price the manager, he was persuaded to enter the carriage, waiting at the door to take him to the playhouse. It was a stormy night. He repaired to the green room, and was soon ready. Price saw he was the worse from excess, but the public were not to be disappointed. 'Let him,' says the manager, 'only get before the lights, and the receipts are secure.' Within the wonted time Cooke entered on his part, the Duke of Gloster. The public were unanimous in their decision that he never performed with greater satisfaction. As he left the house he whispered, 'Have I not pleased the Yankee-Doodles?' Hardly twenty-four hours after this memorable night, he scattered four hundred dollars among the needy and the solicitous, and took refreshment in sound sleep. Throbbing invades the heart when narrating the career of this extraordinary man, of herculean constitution, so abundant in recuperative energies; of faculties so rare and so sublime, cut off so early. In consultation with Drs. Maclean and Hosack I often attended him until the closing scene. He died in September, 1812. He was conscious to the last and resigned to his fate. Cooke attracted a mighty notice when with his dignified mien and stately person, attired as the old English gentleman, he walked Broadway. His funeral was a most imposing spectacle, the clergy, physicians, members of the bar, officers of the army and navy, literati and men of science, members of the theatrical profession, and a large concourse of plain citizens moved in the procession. The quiet Sabbath added to the solemnity. He had no kindred to follow in the procession; but there were present many real mourners."

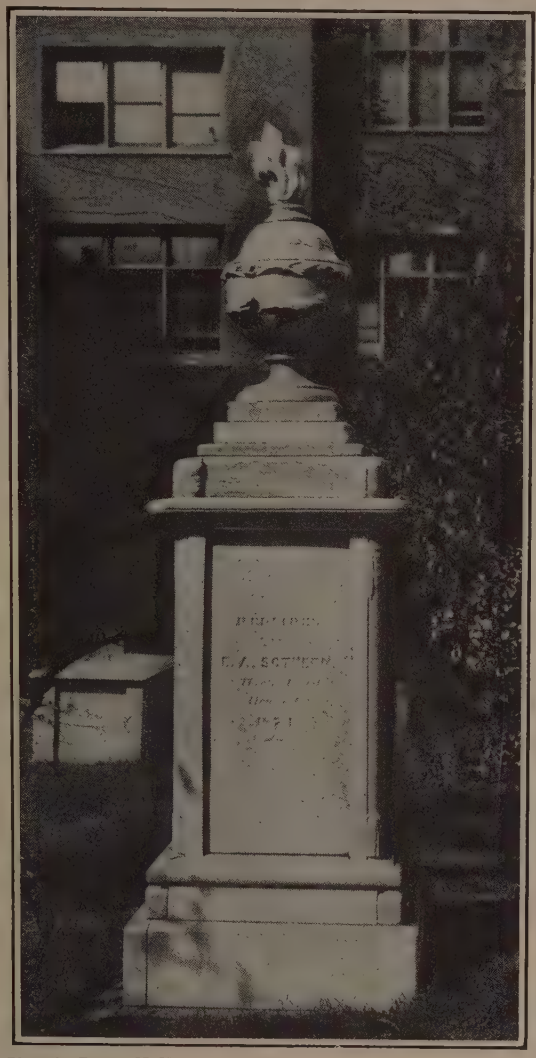


Photo by Byron, N. Y.

THE TOMB OF GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE
As it looks to-day, and bearing the inscription "Repaired by E. A. Sothern, 1871"

When Edmund Kean first visited this country, in 1820, he resolved to erect a fitting monument in memory of the actor he most esteemed, and, obtaining permission from Bishop Hobart, Cooke's remains were removed from the strangers' vault and interred in the churchyard, where they now lie. "The monument was finished," says Dr. Francis, "the fourth of June, 1821, the day Mr. Kean terminated his first visit to America. He repaired in the afternoon to pay his last devotion to it. He was singularly pleased with the eulogistic lines on Cooke:

'Three kingdoms claim his birth,
Both hemispheres pronounce his worth.'

"Tears fell from his eyes in abundance, and as the evening closed he walked Broadway, listened to the chimes of Trinity, returned again to the churchyard, and sang, sweeter than ever before, *Those Evening Bells,* and *Come O'er the Sea.* I gazed upon him with more interest than had ever been awakened by his stage representations. I fancied (and it was not altogether fancy) that I saw a child of genius on whom the world at large bestowed its loftiest praises, while he himself was deprived of that solace which the world cannot give, the sympathies of the heart."

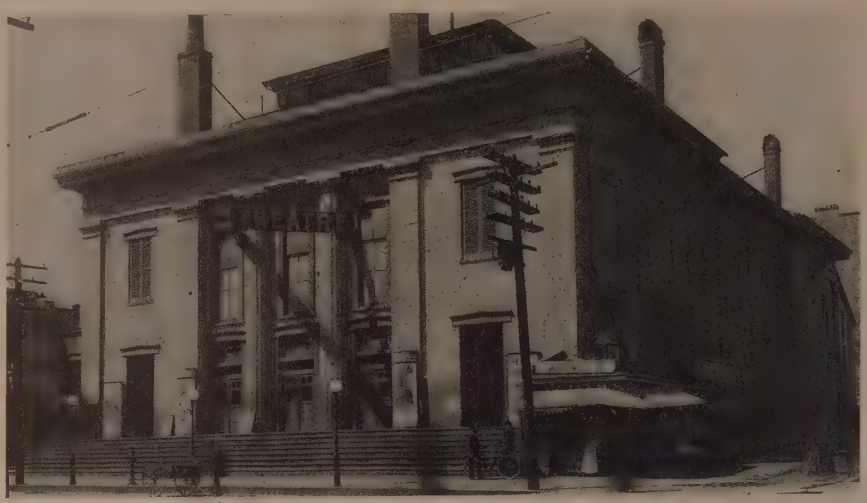
There was a warm intimacy between the families of Garrick and Kean, and David's widow was a frequent visitor at the house in Clarges Street. The old lady was extremely fond of Edmund, whom she honestly declared was more like her husband than any other actor she had ever seen. Calling at the house one morning she discovered Kean pacing the floor in a most perturbed frame of mind, and her amazement was increased when Kean rather abruptly left her to the more tender mercies of his wife. She immediately inquired the cause of her friend's excitement, whereupon Mrs. Kean explained that he had just been reading a spiteful criticism of his Othello, which had greatly incensed him. "But," said Mrs. Garrick, "he shouldn't mind that, he is above the papers and can afford abuse." "Ah, yes," answered Kean's wife, "but he says he wouldn't mind the abuse if the article had not been so well written." "Then, dear Mrs. Kean," declared the widow, "he should do as David did and he would be spared this annoyance." "What's that?" cried the wife in eagerness. "Write the articles himself. David always did." So runs the anecdote, and it must be remembered that Garrick was a shareholder in *The Public Advertiser,* and in those days newspapers were not numerous.

Cook's monument was in need of repair when Charles Kean and his wife, Ellen Tree, came over in 1846. The son renovated the memorial his illustrious father had erected; but as the years slipped by, the lettering grew faint, and in '71 Edward A. Sothern had the tomb repaired. Edwin Booth was the next to come to the rescue, and a few years later "The Players" lent a hand; but in the last ten years nothing has been done and the tomb is a pathetic sight. Kean's choice of material for the tomb was unfortunate. It ill withstands the ravages of time, and in its present dilapidated condition there is the sad suggestiveness that of the player's lifework nothing endures, not even a monument, to testify to his past triumphs.

LOUISE H. MASON.

The Stage on which Maude Adams First Appeared

A THEATRE owned and operated by a church is unusual enough to excite comment. The Salt Lake Theatre, the leading playhouse of Salt Lake City, Utah, is managed by the Mormon church. The boxes are reserved for the church officials, one of them belonging to Joseph Smith, President of the church and leader of the Mormon faith. These boxes are occupied, each night of a performance, by different families—that is to say, the various wives of the church dignitaries and their numerous children. The arrangement seems to be perfectly amicable, the plainly dressed women and children in the boxes being evidently contented with what falls to their lot. More elaborate dressing is seen in the stalls, which are filled by the wives and daughters of wealthy mine owners, who followed the Mormons into the Salt Lake Valley, and represent a new order of things in the quaint Western settlement, once entirely Mormon. On every side is seen the old and the new, and the fight for supremacy between the two.



SALT LAKE THEATRE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

The Mormon pioneers, as a relaxation from the hardships of their long journey across the plains in rude conveyances, and the work of transforming a desert valley into a fertile garden spot, early turned to amusement. It was undoubtedly a part of Brigham Young's wise plan of organization and rule over this settlement in the wilderness, to give the people something to think about beside their trying daily tasks in overcoming difficulties and making homes for themselves in this new country. Thus the fostering of dramatic talent became one of the leading characteristics of the pilgrims who made their way over the Rocky Mountains into the Salt Lake Valley in 1847.

One of the first buildings erected for this purpose was called Social Hall. Here theatrical productions were given by the Deseret Dramatic Company, a local organization, which took its name from the original one given the valley by the early settlers. It signified a "land flowing with milk and honey." This edifice soon became too small for the rapidly increasing population, and in 1861 the Mormon church began to build the present Salt Lake Theatre, finishing it a year later. The heavy timbers used in the construction of the building were hauled from the mountains by the same horses and oxen which had pulled the prairie schooners over the long trail from the earlier Mormon settlement in Nauvau, Ill. The walls were built of adobe or sun-dried brick, covered on the outside with plaster. The style of architecture is of a plain square effect, with two columns on either side of the main entrance. The interior was crudely finished, with plain seats, and was lighted by oil lamps.

With no changes, save in the interior decoration and arrangement, this remains the leading playhouse in Salt Lake to-day. As time went on, more modern ideas were introduced in the way of equipment. The theatre is now provided with two balconies, a gallery, dress circle and parquet, with two rows of seats just back of the parquet arranged as stalls. The seats are upholstered and the walls beautifully frescoed. The drop curtains are artistic and the lighting brilliant.

About the old theatre much interesting history clusters. In it America's most popular actress, Maude Adams, made her first appearance on any stage. Her mother, Mrs. Asenath Adams Kiskadden, was the leading woman in the Salt Lake Dramatic Company, which succeeded the Deseret Dramatic Company when the new theatre was completed. The new members of the new organization opened the new playhouse and continued to give performances there for a number of years—assisting traveling players, who occasionally found their way that far West.

MAUDE ADAMS AS A CHILD

Mrs. Kiskadden (Maude Adams' mother) was born in Salt Lake City in 1849, just one month from the time her parents arrived in Utah from the East, converts to the Mormon faith. They were both of English descent. The mother was a native of New York, and the father, Barnabas Adams, a native of Canada. They settled at the foot of the Wasatch Mountains and built a rude little adobe house with deerskin curtains for windows in lieu of glass. Here their daughter first saw the light. When she grew up she went on the stage, joining the Salt Lake Theatre Company at the age of seventeen. A few years afterward she resigned and went to Missouri to visit her grandparents. While there she was married to James Kiskadden. She returned to Salt Lake soon after her marriage, and her daughter Maude was born there in the house of her grandfather. The house, with some addition, still stands, and is pointed out to tourists among the interesting buildings of Salt Lake City.

HOUSE IN WHICH MAUDE ADAMS WAS BORN

The family was always more or less closely connected with the fortunes of the Salt Lake Theatre. Maude Adams' grandfather, one of the first of the Mormon pioneers, helped to bring out of the mountains the lumber with which the theatre was built, and soon after her daughter was born Mrs. Kis-

HECTOR DUFRANNE, THE MANHATTAN'S REMARKABLE BARITONE, AND SOME OF HIS OPERATIC CREATIONS

Hector Dufranne, whose rich baritone voice delights the patrons of the Manhattan Opera House, was born in Belgium and made his début at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, as Valentin in "Faust." The beautiful sonority of his organ and his aptitude for assuming noble rôles insured immediate success, and he was at once engaged for Covent Garden. Later he went to the Opéra Comique, Paris, where he created the rôle of the father in Charpentier's new opera "Louise." Later he appeared as Golaud in "Pélleas et Mélisande," in which part he was first applauded by American operagoers. The portraits given above, showing his skill in the art of "make-up," represent the singer in the following rôles: (1) Ganelon in "La Fille de Roland," (2) Judas in "Marie Magdeleine," (3) Zurga in "Pecheurs de Perles," (4) Golaud in "Pélleas et Mélisande," (5) M. Dufranne in private life (photo copyright by Mishkin), (6) François in "L'Enfant Roi," (7) Father in "Louise," (8) The vagrant in "Le Chemineau," (9) In "Le Vaisseau Fantome"

Photos Otto Sarony Co. Mae Paul Dorothy Follis Mae Hopkins Lena Swift

SOME OF THE SHOW GIRLS NOW APPEARING IN "MISS INNOCENCE" AT THE NEW YORK THEATRE

kadden again went on the stage with the Salt Lake Company. The story of Maude Adams' début has been often told, but the following account of it was given to the present writer by Mrs. Adams herself:

"In a simple little play called 'The Lost Child,' following one in which I appeared in an important part was a baby. The regular baby got sick one night, after appearing in the first act, and could not be brought on. My baby Maude had just been brought to the theatre by her nurse, who was accustomed to accompany me home after the performance. The manager appealed to me in dismay. The infant they had heretofore used was just three months old and Maude was eight months old, but she was the best substitute available. The baby had appeared in the first act, a tavern scene, on a tray. She was still on the tray yelling lustily. I lifted her off, put Maude in her place, and the play went on. The audience, surprised to see how the baby had grown, received her with great applause. Seeming to appreciate the situation, Maude smiled and cooed her appreciation, and seemed perfectly at home. This was her first appearance in her chosen career.

"Her next theatrical experience," continued Mrs. Adams, "was when she was five years old. I was playing in San Francisco with J. K. Emmet in 'Fritz.' The child's part was not satisfactorily filled, and Mr. Emmet asked me to allow Maude to take the rôle. I protested that I did not want Maude to go on the stage, and I was sure her father did not. I promised to discuss the matter with him, however. We were talking it over one evening at dinner, not thinking that Maude was paying any attention to what we were saying. Her father remarked: 'No, I do not want Maude going on the stage making a fool of herself.'

"'But, papa,' the child said quickly, joining in the conversation unexpectedly, with her elbows on the table and her chin resting in her hands, while she looked straight at her father, 'I would not make a fool of myself.'

Her father consented for her to try the part, and I immediately got the lines for her. She learned them in a remarkably short time, and took great pleasure in giving them on the stage. When she grew older she took simple rôles in the Salt Lake Company, and it was really in this old company that she got her stage training. She knew nothing of any dramatic school except that of experience.

"Her ambition, of course, soon led her to New York, and it was in the East she won her reputation. She has been to Salt Lake often since to play in the old theatre, which was the cradle of her talent.

"Some distinguished people appeared in the old Salt Lake Theatre in the early days," continued Mrs. Adams in reminiscent vein. "They did not bring their own companies then, but were supported by the local company. The year after I made my stage début, when I was just eighteen years of age, I played Lady Macbeth with John McCullough. During the early sixties I played the leading women's rôles with E. L. Davenport in 'François,' 'Riche-

Otto Sarony Co. Edna Dodsworth Otto Sarony Co. Mary Anderson

SHOW GIRLS IN "MISS INNOCENCE" AT THE NEW YORK THEATRE

lieu,' and 'Black-Eyed Susan,' was with Edwin Arnold in 'Enoch Arden,' and with Adams and McCullough in 'Damon and Pythias.' I played Elizabeth to Mrs. D. B. Bowers' Mary Stuart. I appeared with Julia Dean as Nanine in 'Camille.' I was Geraldine in the 'Green Bushes,' in which she took the part of the Indian Girl, and was also with her in 'The Woman in White.' I also played Lady Macbeth with Thomas A. Lyne."

Soon after Maude Adams went on the stage she adopted the name of her grandparents. Later her mother also abandoned the name of Kiskadden.

An old program of the theatre has been preserved in which Mrs. Adams appears as Anne of Austria in the "Three Guardsmen." The company was headed by George Pauncefort, an English actor of some prominence in those days, who formed the outside attraction for the local company for the season. A story is told to the effect that he fell in love with one of the women of the company, who was a Mormon, and that the marriage was forbidden by Brigham Young, the founder and president of the church, because Mr. Pauncefort was a Gentile. Another incident survives among Salt Lake anecdotes that the actor boarded with an old Mormon woman, who always gave him a lecture on religion to accompany his meals. Becoming exasperated one day, the theatrical man testily remarked:

"A little stronger coffee and a little less religion, if you please, madam, would suit me better."

He afterwards went to Japan, married a Japanese girl and established a tea house. He was a brother of Georgenia Pauncefort, the well-known English actress.

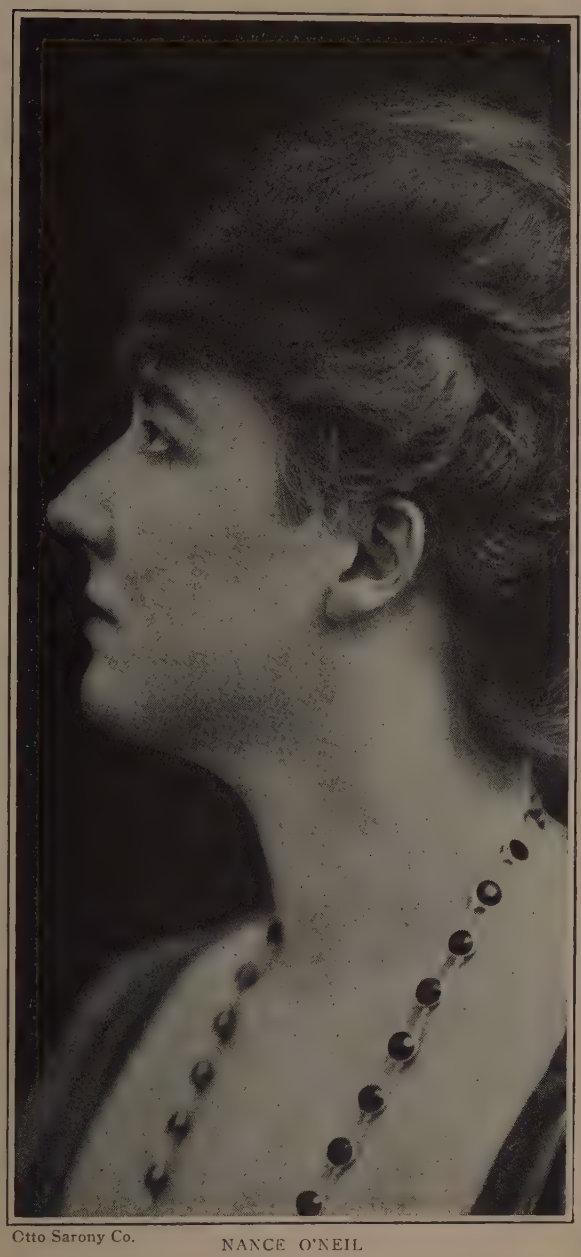
In the cast on the old program appears the name of John T. Caine, afterwards Utah's representative in Congress, and there is also the following amusing announcement addressed to the patrons of the theatre:

"Fires from the explosion of oil lamps and other causes, have been known frequently in houses of amusement and in various places, and the following suggestions are given to the public: Should an alarm of fire on the stage be raised at any time in the theatre, the audience are requested to keep their seats undisturbed, for the arrangement is made to extinguish fire so complete that it is scarcely possible the flames could reach the body of the house; and even if they did, there would be sufficient time for the audience to leave leisurely, come back, and go out before there would be the least danger to them. The only risk which any of the audience could run from the fire would be the event of ladies with inflammable dresses being seated near the lamps that are around the circles, should an explosion occur. Those wearing such dresses should avoid proximity to oil lamps anywhere. In case a lamp should explode and a dress take fire, woolen shawls, or some woolen cloth should be instantly wrapped around the fire to extinguish it, instead of the person running around and acting wildly."

Good advice that, if one could always remember such minute details in case of imminent danger. In this day of brilliantly electric lighted theatres and asbestos curtains, this notice is particularly quaint. A rather unusual advertisement reads:

"I will pay theatre tickets and cash for clean cotton rags delivered at the office of the Deseret *News*. E. L. Sloan."

The rags were manufactured into paper in an old hand-paper mill, which was one of the earliest industries of Salt Lake. It was the only paper available, and on it the Deseret *News*, the first paper of the town, which is still in existence as the organ of the Mormon church, and the theatrical programs were printed. The rags were, therefore, well worth the price of "theatre tickets and cash."



Otto Sarony Co.

NANCE O'NEIL

Will be starred next season under the direction of the Shuberts. She was seen in the title rôle of Agnes at the Majestic recently

Another granddaughter of a Mormon pioneer, who has made a name in the theatrical world on the comic opera stage, is Viola Pratt Gillette, who has appeared in "The Girl and the Bandit," and other successful comic operas. Mrs. Gillette had her first training in the famous Mormon Tabernacle choir, and made her début on the stage in the old Salt Lake Theatre in the Stephens Opera Company, a Salt Lake organization, under the direction of Prof. Evan Stephens, leader of the Tabernacle choir. The opera was "The Bohemian Girl." Later under the direction of George H. Gillette, whom she afterward married, Viola Pratt made a concert tour of Utah. A short while after this she went to New York, where she was trained for comic opera.

Mrs. Gillette's grandfather, Prof. Orson Pratt, was the first pioneer to arrive in the Salt Lake Valley. Walking ahead of the little band of religionists, he was the first to set foot in the territory which was to be the land of promise to his people. He was a civil engineer and helped to make the first plan of the town, under the direction of Brigham Young. He was a New Yorker of exceptional culture and of English descent.

Ada Dwyer, who has played a number of seasons with Eleanor Robson, is also a native of Salt Lake and a product of the Home Dramatic Company, which succeeded the Salt Lake Dramatic Company, and was composed of some of the same people with the addition of a younger generation. Miss Dwyer was educated in Boston and gave dramatic readings there. When she returned home, she made her first stage appearance in the Salt Lake Theatre with the Home Dramatic Company. Her first ambitious engagement was with the A. M. Palmer Company in "The Private Secretary." Later she was with Mr. Mansfield, and then with Frank Mayo, in the rôle of Roxie in "Puddin' Head Wilson," which was especially created for her.

Edward Milton Royle's first play, "Friends," was first presented at the old Salt Lake Theatre sixteen years ago. He and his wife, Selena Fetter, formerly of Louisville, Ky., took the leading rôles, and were supported by the Home Dramatic Company. Among others of minor fame enjoying successful stage careers, who are products of the dramatic incentive in Salt Lake, are: Jennie Hawley, Sallie Fisher, Julia Dean, DeWitt Jennings, Blanche Thomas.

Maude Adams' grandmother is still living in Salt Lake. She is more than eighty years old, but takes an intense interest in current events and follows her granddaughter's career with great pride.

The early Mormon settlers of Salt Lake, in constructing the old theatre and encouraging dramatic instincts, builded better than they knew, in their contributions to the world of histrionic art.

Ora V. Leigh.

Hall William Faversham

Finale to Act III. Victor (Mr. Faversham): "Shame upon you to defile this emblem of our country!"

SCENE IN E. C. CARPENTER'S DRAMA "THE BARBER OF NEW ORLEANS" AT DALY'S THEATRE

How the Production of a New Play Is Financed

WHAT does it cost to "raise the curtain" on the average new play in a Broadway theatre?

We hear so often of $50,000 spectacular productions, and so rarely of one that involves an initial expenditure of less than $25,000 or $30,000, that the outsider may well wonder where all the money goes. That there are big "shows," on which is spent as much as the yearly salary of the President of the United States may be a fact. Half a dozen changes of costume for fifty or sixty persons runs into money, especially when some of the dresses are valued at $100 apiece. The costumes are an important item, both in the effectiveness of the ensembles and in the general outlay. To cut this expense down as much as possible, promoters of this kind of entertainment almost invariably make their own costumes, keeping a large force of needlewomen employed all the year around at regular wages.

Then there is the scenery. In ambitious productions—like those at the Hippodrome and New Amsterdam Theatre, for example—this is likely to eat up many thousands of dollars. Nor are the actual manufacture of the costumes and the building and painting of the scenery the only expenses connected therewith. There must be artists to design them—usually men and women of international fame—and these talented beings practically fix their own compensation.

In a word, the primary outlay on a Broadway spectacle is limited only by the extent to which the manager is willing to invest his money. This, in its turn, depends on his faith in the drawing power of his entertainment, and he must have a great deal of this, or he never would venture in it at all. Your successful theatrical manager is always a hard-headed man of business. Which does not infer that he may not be an individual of marked artistic judgment, as well.

The ordinary drama or comedy of real, contemporaneous life, which does not depend so much on its mise-en-scène, is less costly, but even that sort of production makes a heavy enough demand on the bank account of the manager to account for his extreme caution about staging a new work. Take a three-act play—one calling for no special embellishment in scenery or costumes—and the producer will find that he has disbursed from $5,000 to $7,000 before the curtain goes up on the first performance.

To begin at the beginning, the manager gets his play. He has been weeks, perhaps months, wading through typewritten manuscripts ("scripts," in the theatrical vernacular), until he is almost a nervous wreck, and at last has selected a comedy which he believes will appeal to his audiences. His time is valuable, and if he were to charge up to the play, in dollars and cents, the hours he has been obliged to waste in reading unavailable works, it would add considerable to the total when he comes to reckon up all he has spent on his première.

But he doesn't. He takes it as unavoidable that he should search through many bushels of dramatic chaff before reaching what he hopes will prove to be the kernel of golden wheat. So he puts down the advance royalties to the accepted playwright as the first item on the debit side. This is generally not less than $500. When he took the manuscript he made a contract with the author to produce the play within six months. If he should find it inexpedient to do so at the end of that period, he had two further options of three months apiece, for each of which he agreed to pay an advance on the prospective royalties of $250 apiece. If he did not produce the play at the end of that time, he was to forfeit the $1,000 he had paid. Had he arranged to put on the comedy immediately on acceptance, he would not have paid any royalties in advance.

But he does not forfeit anything. He puts on the play according to agreement. An author's royalties are generally on the basis of five per cent. on the gross receipts when they do not exceed $5,000 on the week. On the next $2,000 that comes into the box office in the same week he is paid seven and a half per cent., and ten per cent. on all over $7,000. This means that when $10,000 is taken in as a week's business, the author receives $700. If his play draws $13,000 in a week—as happens on rare occasions—he

Scenes in Geo. Ade's New Comedy "The Fair Co-Ed" at the Knickerbocker

ACT I. THE GATHERING OF THE COLLEGE BOYS

ACT II. CYNTHIA (ELSIE JANIS) FINDS A FIGHT ON HER HANDS

Elsie Janis

White

LILLIAN ALBERTSON

Seen as Emma, the wife, in "Paid in Full," recently at Weber's

Burr McIntosh

CATHERINE PROCTOR

Leading woman of a western company of "Paid in Full"

Mojonier

RAY BEVERIDGE

Formerly of Keith & Proctor's Stock and now appearing in vaudeville

gets $1,000 for his share. Sometimes better terms than this are obtained by dramatists whose other works have been extraordinarily successful, but, as a rule, they have to be satisfied with five, seven and a half and ten per cent.

Having got his play, the manager makes a close study of the characters and sets about the selection of his cast. This he does very carefully. Knowing all the actors of prominence, he is usually able to choose an ideal cast in his mind. He writes opposite each character the name of the person who comes nearest to his own conception of what the character should be. He may agree with the author, and he may not. Unless the author has had enough successes to give him the right to dictate, at least to some degree, the manager goes calmly on with his arrangements without consulting the writer of the play. He invites the actors whose services he desires to call on him. Some of the people he wants he gets. Others he doesn't. They may be in other productions, or they may not care for the parts for which he wants them. Or there may be a deadlock on the question of salary.

This last-named difficulty can generally be adjusted, however, because the manager knows what each actor's regular salary is, and whether or not he or she can be induced to take less. With a first-class company the total salary list will be from $1,200 to $2,000 a week. When the producer has all his actors, he expects most of them to ask for advances on their first week's salary, and in this comparatively trifling way he will part with $250 or $300, or perhaps more. The excuses offered are that they require money for articles of wardrobe. Sometimes it takes weeks to complete the cast, and it is not the least trying of the tasks incident to putting on a new play in New York.

Otto Sarony Co.

LOUISE DREW

Played Charlotte Bernier in "Love Watches" recently at the Lyceum

Meanwhile, the harried manager is looking after other details. The scenery must be got ready, and, as scenic artists are notoriously slow and given to disappointing their patrons from time to time, he places his order for scenery as early as possible. The three sets will cost him from $1,500 to $2,000. The average price for handsome scenery, not extraordinarily elaborate, is $500 a set. He gets estimates from two or three scene-painting firms, and they have the manuscript read by the artists who are to do the work if their house obtains the contract. Each artist notes the instructions as to scenery given by the dramatist. Then the firms give figures in the rough, and make models of the "sets" with cardboard, according to their own ideas of what the scenes should be.

Every detail is put in, and the relative distances of the various elements in the scene, in accordance with the descriptions in the manuscript, are carefully maintained. The manager looks at the models, generally calling in his stage manager and the author to give their opinions and to make suggestions. Having decided on the firm which is to furnish the scenery, an advance payment, to bind the bargain, is made, and the work goes on, more or less promptly, according to the vigor with which the manager keeps the scenery firm stirred up. The work is generally paid for on acceptance and delivery of the scenery.

By this time the real work of production has begun. A stage director is engaged to stage the play. His fee is probably $500 for four or five weeks' service, although sometimes he gets more, when his reputation is very great. Besides directing the rehearsals, he sees that the scenery and "props" are right, tells the actors how they must be costumed, and attends to that very important feature, the lights. The "lighting" of a play is

something which calls for a great deal of technical skill and experience, as well as an artist's eye. The gradation from sunset to moonlight, for example, is accomplished by the cunning use of electric lights, "dimmers" and screens of various colors—technically, "mediums"—only possible to an expert. When once the arrangement of the lighting apparatus has been settled, it is all written out for the information of the electrician in what is known as a "light plot." He works by it with conscientious exactitude at every performance of the play.

If the manager happens not to have a theatre of his own, and cannot borrow the use of a regular stage, he hires a hall. There is a large number of halls in different parts of New York, which are rented for rehearsals. At some seasons, when many plays are in rehearsal, these halls shelter three or four companies a day, each having its own particular hours, so that it shall not encroach upon those of fellow-tenants. The ordinary charge for hall accommodation is $25 a week—meaning a hundred dollars for the month. If the producer can obtain a theatre, he defrays the cost of the lights, but rarely is required to pay rent. The lending of a stage for rehearsals is one of the ordinary courtesies that obtain among managers in the metropolis.

With the inauguration of rehearsals begins the wages of the "working force," meaning the stage carpenter, electrician and property man, with their assistants. This adds $150 a week to the preliminary expenses, or $600 for the four weeks' rehearsal, exclusive of the dress rehearsal. The carpenter has plenty to do in seeing that his "lines" for "drops" are in order, and in hanging them in different places, as may be required for the scenery to be used, in building platforms, stairs and steps, and other contrivances, and in making new traps in the floor, or making sure that the old ones work smoothly in case the new piece calls for traps at all. These things and countless others, essential to the proper mounting of the play, come under his jurisdiction. A stage carpenter is as important a member of a theatrical staff as is "Chips" on board ship.

Moffett

ELSIE JANIS NOW IN "THE FAIR CO-ED" AT THE KNICKERBOCKER

At the dress rehearsal — which is more expensive than a regular performance—the stage hands are paid 68 cents an hour, with double pay after certain hours and on Sundays.

When the producer has paid for his "paper," he still has to reckon with the billposter, whose charges for posting the show printing in New York is not less than $50 a week, but may be much more when extra "billing" is to be done. Sometimes the manager pays for choice locations for his announcements. There are some billboards and blank walls in the metropolis, of special prominence, for the use of which $50 a week is demanded. Bill posters charge three and four cents a sheet. A "sheet" is 26x27 inches in size, and all showbills are made up of sheets of this size. Then there are the "snipers." These gentlemen go about with small bills to stick on ash barrels and other articles that the other billposter would not condescend to touch.

The newspaper advertising for a week usually amounts to about $250. When extra announcements are made—as is often done for a new production—the bill may run up to $1,000. Taking it all through, therefore, a three-act play is more likely to cost $7,000 than $5,000 before the curtain goes up on the first night. Below are the figures, as estimated above, with $1,000 added for countless details that are none the less real because they cannot be put down in black and white until they are incurred. Every manager knows, to his sorrow, how these "sundries" count up in producing a new play. The expenses would foot up about as follows:

Author's royalties	$500	Working force	$600
Cast (advances)	300	Stage director or producer	500
Scenery	1,500	Billposting	50
Printing (paid)	1,000	Newspaper advertising	1,000
Furniture and props	200	Sundries, not named	1,000
Hall, for rehearsals	100	Total	$6,750

When to this is added the rent and the cost of running a New York theatre, some $2,500 a week, we see that the total is little short of alarming to the person unaccustomed to theatrical expenditures.

GEO. C. JENKS.

Plays Worth Seeing — "The Third Degree"

"THE THIRD DEGREE,"* by Charles Klein, author of "The Lion and the Mouse," etc., is a drama in four acts.

Robert Underwood, a young plunger reduced to selling *objets d'art* on commission to make both ends meet, is at the end of his rope. He has sold articles entrusted to him, and the owners demand a settlement. Suicide seems the only way out. To his luxuriously furnished rooms comes his old college chum, Howard Jeffries, Jr., somewhat the worse for liquor. Howard also has been going the pace and angered his father, Howard Jeffries, Sr., by marrying a girl beneath him socially. Underwood sympathizes with him, tries in vain to borrow $2,000, and says that at least he has married a woman he loves, while he (Underwood) saw the only woman for whom he cared marry another man. Howard continues drinking until he becomes more or less maudlin. Suddenly a visitor is announced. Underwood quickly hides Howard behind a screen and opens the door. The caller is Mrs. Howard Jeffries, Sr.—Howard's stepmother. She is the woman Underwood loved and lost. She has come secretly to his rooms in answer to a letter in which he announces his determination to commit suicide unless she helps him. She refuses to believe he has the courage to kill himself, and forbids him ever to address her again. She goes away and, his last hope now gone, Underwood goes into another room and shoots himself. When the alarm is given the only person found near the dead man is Howard Jeffries, Jr., who is discovered trying to leave the premises. Murder is suspected. Howard is arrested, and Police Captain Clinton is convinced he has the murderer. To demonstrate the soundness of his judgment, he forces Howard to confess by putting him through the dread ordeal known as "the third degree." This is the principal scene in the play. At the rise of the curtain in scene 2 of the first act, Howard Jeffries, Jr., is discovered back of the table being interrogated by Captain Clinton. Maloney, a police sergeant, has a note-book in hand, taking down everything the prisoner says, while another policeman guards the door. Howard is pale and frightened. Captain Clinton is aggressively persistent:

Howard subjected to the "third degree"

Mr. Brewster denounces the police methods of Captain Clinton

CAPT. CLINTON: Answer me! Answer me! You did it, and you know you did.

HOWARD: No—I——

CAPT. CLINTON: Well, we know you did, eh, Maloney?

MALONEY: Of course, he did.

CAPT. CLINTON: These persistent denials are useless—the evidence is here——

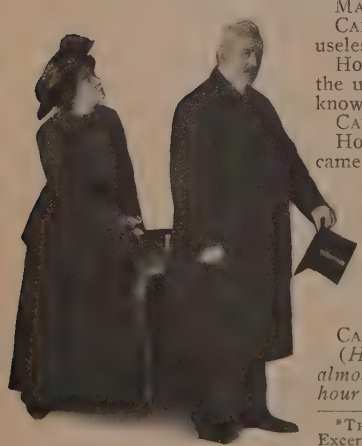
HOWARD: I—I'm so upset—good God! What's the use of questioning me and questioning me—I know nothing—of this——

CAPT. CLINTON: Why did you come here?

HOWARD: I told you—we're old friends—I came to borrow money—he owed me a few dollars when we were at college together—and I tried to get it—I've told you so many times—and you don't believe me—hour after hour—hour after hour—question upon question—won't you please let me go?—my wife will be waiting up—and—why it must be morning—I'm tired out—tired out—I want to go home and—— (*He starts to sit down*).

CAPT. CLINTON (*sharply*): Stand up!

(*Howard rises, wearily and unsteadily, he is almost exhausted with the pitiless grind of a 7-hour examination.*)



Photos by White

Howard's wife appeals to Mr. Jeffries, Sr.

*THE THIRD DEGREE is copyrighted by Charles Klein. Excerpts from the manuscript are given here by special permission of Henry B. Harris.

How much did you try to borrow?

HOWARD (*wearily*): A thousand—two thousand—I forget—I think one thousand. I've told you so many times——

CAPT. CLINTON: Did he say he'd lend you the money?

HOWARD: No, he—he—couldn't—he—poor chap, he——

CAPT. CLINTON: He refused—that led to words—there was a quarrel—and you shot him——

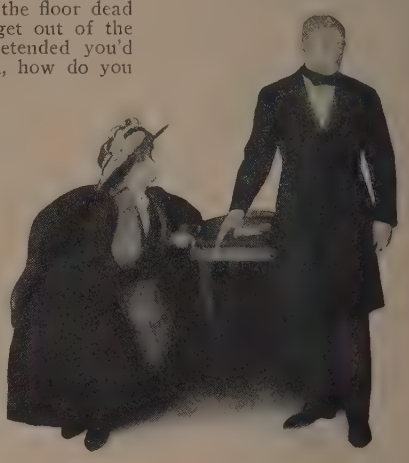
HOWARD: No—no—there was no quarrel—no words—no—I swear there wasn't——

CAPT. CLINTON: He was found on the floor dead—in that room—you were trying to get out of the house—without being seen—you pretended you'd been drinking. This door was locked, how do you account for that?

HOWARD: I didn't lock it, I swear I didn't. I fell asleep on that sofa—when I woke up—it was dark—I tried to get out but the door was locked—I wanted to get home—as I needed money—I wanted to tell my wife I couldn't get it—she was going out to work the first thing in the morning, and I don't want her to—won't you believe me, won't you believe me? I'm telling you the God's truth—on my word of honor I am.

(*He sinks hopelessly and helplessly into a chair, burying his head in his arms.*)

They won't believe me—they won't believe me—they won't believe me! (*Momentary pause.*)



Mr. Brewster declines to take the case

CAPTAIN: Stand up! (*Howard rises slowly*) The motive is clear—you came for money—was refused—there was a quarrel and you did the trick—Howard Jeffries—you shot Robert Underwood, and you shot him with this pistol——

(*With a quick movement he brings on the pistol and places it for Howard to see, but close enough so that the rays of light fall upon the shining barrel of the revolver. The light shines on it so that it attracts the eye—Howard looks at it—his eyes are rivetted on it until his face assumes a vacant stare. Scientifically this accomplishes the act of hypnotism, and he comes under the influence of a will directing his will. He is now completely receptive.*)

You committed this crime, Howard Jeffries——

(*Howard gazes at pistol with a fixed expression.*)

It's as clear as daylight—eh, Maloney? You did it, Jeffries—you know you did—come, own up—let's have the truth—you shot Robert Underwood—with this revolver—you did it, and you can't deny it, and you know you can't deny it—speak—go on—out with it—you shot Robert Underwood——

(*Momentary pause. Howard's eyes are on pistol.*)

HOWARD (*his eyes on pistol, repeats mechanically*): I shot Robert Underwood.

CAPT. CLINTON: You quarreled——

HOWARD: We quarreled.

CAPT. CLINTON: You came here for money——

HOWARD: I came here for money.

CAPT. CLINTON: He refused to give it to you?

HOWARD: He refused to give it to me.

CAPT. CLINTON: There was a quarrel?

HOWARD: There was a quarrel.

CAPT. CLINTON: You followed him into that room——

HOWARD: Followed him into that room.

CAPT. CLINTON: And shot him?

HOWARD: And shot him——

CAPT. CLINTON: Whew! That's all!

(*Howard sinks into a seat, his head resting on his arm. The Captain pockets the pistol.*)

Gee, he was a tough one!

(*Maloney goes to the curtain, draws it up, letting a flood of daylight into the room; turns out the chandelier and returns up* R. C.)

Got that all down?

(*Dr. Bernstein enters from door* R. 3 E., *pulling down sleeves which have been up—as if he had been washing his hands.*)

MALONEY: Yes, Captain.

DR. BERNSTEIN: Some smoke and a great many powder marks, must have been pretty close range, Captain.

CAPT. CLINTON: It's all right, Doctor, we've got him to rights.

(*He goes to the left for his overcoat and hat and starts putting them on.*)

By gum! It's daylight.

(*With a yawn.*)

It's taken seven hours to get it out of him.

(*To officer—at door.*)

Is his wife downstairs?

OFFICER: Yes, Captain.

CAPT. CLINTON: Does she know?

OFFICER: Yes, Captain.

Annie says that happiness awaits them

Photo Moffett, Chicago

JACK BARRYMORE IN "A STUBBORN CINDERELLA" AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE

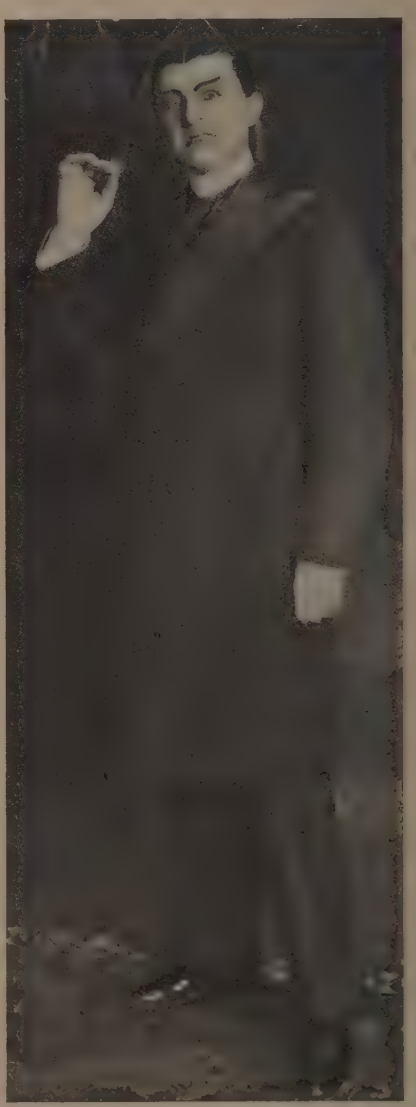
Jack Barrymore is the youngest member of the famous Barrymore family of players. The son of the late Maurice Barrymore, a brother of Ethel Barrymore and nephew of John Drew, he started his career as a newspaper artist, but the call of the stage within him was too strong to resist, and he made his first appearance in 1903 in support of Nance O'Neil. Later he was seen at the Savoy, New York, in Clyde Fitch's comedy "Glad of It" and then followed an engagement with William Collier in "The Dictator." During the season of 1905 he supported his sister, Ethel, playing Jacky in "Sunday" and Stephen Rollo in "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire." He also was seen as the clown in "Pantaloon," the title rôle of which was acted by his brother Lionel. More recently he was seen in "The Boys of Company B," and later he took the leading part in "Toddles." Last spring in Chicago he made his first appearance in musical comedy in "A Stubborn Cinderella"

SAHARET, THE AUSTRALIAN DANCER
Who is now appearing with great success at the Coliseum Theatre, London

CAPT. CLINTON: Who told her?
OFFICER: Some newspaper people.
CAPT. CLINTON: Well—let her come in, she may tell us something.
(*Officer exits through door at left* 3 E.)
DR. BERNSTEIN (*has been standing thoughtfully down* R.): I'm not so sure, Captain, that Underwood didn't do this himself.
CAPT. CLINTON: Well, I am; this man has just confessed.
(*Officer enters in advance of Annie Jeffries, who enters a second after him. Dr. Bernstein looks sharply at Howard, and goes up to him.*)
OFFICER: Sit there until you're wanted, please.
(*Annie, anxious, starts over to Howard; Maloney stops her with a gesture; she sits fearfully in a chair near center.*)
DR. BERNSTEIN: Confessed, eh?
(*He lifts up Howard's head, opens first one eye then the other. Looks intently at pupils, then drops his head, takes his wrist, and looking at his watch, feels his pulse.*)
CAPT. CLINTON: Confessed in the presence of three witnesses, eh Sergeant? It took us seven hours to get him to own up——
DR. BERNSTEIN (*taking pulse of Howard*): I don't approve of this all-night examination and third degree mental torture process—when a man is tired and nervous his brain gets benumbed——
(*After lifting him up to a sitting position, he steps back intently regarding Howard.*)
CAPT. CLINTON: Doctor, them theories may make a hit with college students and amateur professors, but they don't go with us—you can't make a man say "yes" when he wants to say "no." (*Going to Howard*) We've got him all right—I tell you, Doctor, no newspaper can tell me that my precinct ain't cleaned up—my record is a hundred convictions to one acquittal—I catch 'em with the goods when I go after 'em——
DR. BERNSTEIN: I know your reputation, Captain——
(*Goes to upper end of couch and puts on overcoat and hat.*)
CAPT. CLINTON: I'm after results—none of them Psyche theories for mine. (*To officer*) Did you 'phone to his father?
OFFICER: He's on his way down now, Captain.
CAPT. CLINTON: Oh, all right.
(*Slapping Howard on shoulder.*)
Hey, Jeffries, come on, wake up, come on, stand up!
(*He crosses down* R., *at the same time Maloney crosses to Howard's* R. *side, and officer to his left raises him to his feet. As the officer crosses, Annie rises. The officer gets his hat from piano and puts it on his head, at the same time Maloney gets his overcoat from piano, and he and the officer help him into it, after which Maloney takes out a pair of nippers, clasps them around Howard's right wrist—all this through Captain's speech.*)
Brace up, now!
(*Captain Clinton to Maloney.*)
Take him over to the station, write out that confession, and get him to sign it before breakfast. I'll be right over.

Howard is about to be indicted by the Grand Jury. Annie, his distracted wife, appeals to his father to come to the rescue, but Jeffries, Sr., coldly declines to interfere. Has not his son confessed? He will try, however, if she will consent to a divorce. She refuses indignantly and declares she will prove Howard's innocence unaided. She goes to Richard Brewster, a celebrated lawyer, who is also the legal adviser of Jeffries, Sr. Knowing his client's attitude towards his son's predicament, Brewster refuses the case. Not discouraged, Annie perseveres. She dogs the lawyer's footsteps, haunts his offices until in self-defense he is forced to give her an interview.

(*Annie enters and comes to right center.*)
BREWSTER (*sees her*): Oh—come in, sit down—sit down.
(*Annie comes to a chair, but doesn't sit. He goes up center in thought, turns and sees she is not sitting.*)
Well, why don't you sit down?
(*Annie sits. He comes to center back of table. Starts to speak—pauses—then blurts out.*)
How long do you intend to keep up this system of—warfare—how long are you going to continue to force your way into this office?
ANNIE: I didn't force my way in—I didn't expect to come in—Mr. Jones said you wanted to see me——
BREWSTER: I? Oh, yes—yes——
(*Moves away only a moment, to cover his confusion.*)
I want to tell you for the fiftieth time that I can do nothing for you——
ANNIE: Fifty—is it fifty times—you've told me—it doesn't seem that many.
BREWSTER: Then for the last time——
ANNIE: Not the last time, Mr. Brewster—I shall come again to-morrow——
BREWSTER: You will——
ANNIE: Yes, sir——
BREWSTER: You're determined——
ANNIE: Yes, sir——
BREWSTER: But I can't permit this to go on—I represent my client, Mr. Howard Jeffries, Senior—and he won't consent to my taking up your husband's case——
ANNIE: Can't you do it without his consent?
BREWSTER: I suppose I can, but I won't——
(*Turning and going a little to left from her.*)
ANNIE: Well—you ought to——
BREWSTER: Indeed!
ANNIE: It's your duty to do it—your duty to his son and to me—to Mr. Jeffries himself. Why, he's so eaten up with family pride that he can't see the difference between right and wrong——
BREWSTER: I'm his lawyer.
ANNIE: Then it's your duty to put him right——
(*Brewster goes to left in impatience.*)
Let me tell you it's downright wicked of you to refuse—you're hurting Howard. Why, when I was hunting around for a lawyer, one of them actually refused to take up the case because he said old Brewster must think Howard guilty or he'd have taken up the case himself——
(*Brewster comes to* L. *of lower end of table.*)
You and his father are putting the whole world against him, and you don't know it.
BREWSTER (*turning front, realizing the forceful truth*): But I do know——
ANNIE: Then why do you do it?
BREWSTER: I— (*nonplussed*) That's not the question——
(*Turning* L., *embarrassed.*)
ANNIE: It's my question—and as you say—I've asked it fifty times, and I'll ask it fifty times more—I'll ask until you answer it——
BREWSTER (*coming to chair, front of table—sits*): So, you're going on the stage, are you?
ANNIE: I shouldn't be at all surprised—I've had a very big offer.



White
WILLIAM INGERSOLL
As the Devil in the production of the Molnar drama made by the Orpheum Stock Company at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia

BREWSTER: Well, I'll give you twice as much if you refuse it——

ANNIE: You mean my father-in-law will give it—you know it's no use you're asking me to concede anything unless you agree to defend Howard.

BREWSTER: I can't——

ANNIE: Then neither can I——

BREWSTER: You're determined to have me?

ANNIE: Yes.

BREWSTER (*Bangs table with his fist, rises, goes* L. *a step or two, then back to chair again and speaks angrily*): Young woman, you're almost as obstinate as your father-in-law.

ANNIE: As bad as that, eh?

BREWSTER (*going to her and leaning over table*): But, my dear young lady, I don't argue criminal cases.

ANNIE: That's just it—my husband is not a criminal—he is innocent. I don't want a lawyer who is always defending criminals—I want one who defends a man because he isn't a criminal.

BREWSTER: There are other lawyers.

ANNIE: But there's only one Mr. Brewster (*Brewster sits, chair front of table and looks intently front*), and he's the greatest lawyer in the world—and he's going to help us—he's going to save Howard's life.

BREWSTER (*turns quickly to her*): You always say that. (*Turns front again*) Upon my word, I shall begin to believe it soon——

ANNIE: And I shall say it again—and again—every time I see you——

BREWSTER: And how often do you intend that shall be——

ANNIE: Every day—I shall say it and think it until — until — it comes true——

BREWSTER: You mean you intend to keep at me until I give way—through sheer exhaustion——

ANNIE: That's it exactly——

BREWSTER (*turning to her and leaning over table, angrily*): Young woman — you — you (*hesitates*)—you know you've got me in a corner, and you're going to keep me there—I can see that—you (*then helplessly stops*). Well—I'll be d——d. (*Turns front.*)

ANNIE: I quite agree with you.

(*He turns quickly, folds his arms, leans back in chair and looks at her a moment—pause.*)

BREWSTER: You—you're a pretty brave girl.

ANNIE: No, I'm not—I'm an awful coward—but I'm fighting for him—Howard Jeffries lifted me up when I was 'way down in the world—and I'm grateful—and I'm going to move heaven and earth to bring his father around to my way of thinking—I've got you already——

(*Brewster straightens up in his chair.*)

BREWSTER: Got me? Already—what do you mean by that?

ANNIE: Why, you'd say yes in a minute if it wasn't for old Jeffries——

BREWSTER (*turning front*): You think so?

ANNIE: I'm sure of it—you're afraid of him.

BREWSTER (*turns to her*): Afraid of him? (*Turns away and laughs.*)

ANNIE: 'Tain't so funny as it sounds—you're afraid of opposing him—I'm afraid of him myself——

BREWSTER (*turning to her*): Then why do you oppose him in everything?

ANNIE: That's the only way I can get his attention—why, when he met me out there to-day he actually looked at me——

(*Brewster turns to front.*)

for the first time in his life he recognized that he has a daughter-in-law—he looked at me—and I'm not sure—but I think he wanted to bow—he's kinder beginning to sit up and take notice——

Eleanor Robson Henry Stanford

Act II. Dandy seeks refuge in "Glad's" garret from the police

Miss Robson Fuller Mellish

Act II. "Glad" (Miss Robson) expounds to Sir Oliver her philosophy of life

SCENES IN MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT'S PLAY "THE DAWN OF A TO-MORROW"

BREWSTER (*turning to her*): So you think I'm afraid of him?

ANNIE: I'm sure of it—you liked my husband—and you'd just love to rush in and fight for him——

(*Brewster turns away from her, nervously drumming on arm of chair.*)

His father thinks he is guilty, and well—you don't like to disobey him——

BREWSTER (*turning to her quickly*): Disobey!

ANNIE: It's very natural—he's an influential man—you know on which side your bread is buttered and (*Brewster starts*), oh, it's very natural—you're looking out for your own interests and——

BREWSTER (*rises, goes down* L., *and comes back to chair leaning on it with right hand, through speech*): Circumstances are against Howard—his father judges him guilty from his own confession—it's the conclusion I'm compelled to come to myself—now—how do you propose to change that conclusion——

ANNIE: Don't have to change it—you don't believe Howard guilty——

BREWSTER: I don't—

ANNIE: No, not at the bottom of your heart—you knew Howard when he was a boy—and—you know he is as incapable of that crime as you are——

(*Pause—he looks at her intently, comes to front of chair, sits and leans forward to her.*)

BREWSTER: Mrs. Jeffries—how do you know your husband didn't kill Robert Underwood?

ANNIE: I know it.

BREWSTER: Yes—but how do you know it?

ANNIE: I know there's a God—but I can't tell you how I know it—I just know it—that's all—Howard didn't do it—I know he didn't——

BREWSTER: Ah—that's a very fair sample of feminine logic—

(*Looking away from her.*)

ANNIE: Logic? What's that?

BREWSTER: Oh, no matter.

ANNIE: What's the use of logic—when you know a thing you know it, and it makes you happy.

BREWSTER: Feminine deduction—think a thing—believe it—and then you know it—and it makes you happy——

(*He rises and goes around to left upper end of table, speaking as he goes.*)

Well, the system has its advantages——

(*Turns from left of table, sympathetically*) Haven't you any relatives to whom you can go?

ANNIE: No—my father died up—at——

BREWSTER (*interrupting her and coming around to back of table center*): Yes, yes, I know, I got William Sands' family history for Mr. Jeffries after your marriage—it's filed away among the family archives.

ANNIE: It's a wonder it don't burn 'em up—my folks were not a very brilliant lot—but my father was all right at heart, Mr. Brewster—blood was thicker than water with him—he'd never have gone back on his flesh and blood as Howard's father has done.

(*Brewster looks at her steadily without speaking—she catches his eye—looks at him—after quite a pause, he shakes his head.*)

BREWSTER: It's too bad—I'm sorry for you, really I——

(*Annie laughs hysterically, half crying, half laughing.*)

Why do you laugh?

ANNIE: What's the use of crying—ha—it's almost a joke—you're sorry—my father-in-law is sorry—and I suppose my mother-in-law is shedding tears for me, too—you're all sorry—and you're all wearing crape for us—but why don't some of you *do* something?

Brewster asks Annie how she accounts for Howard's confessing

(*Continued on page x*)

Hall

JUNIE McCREE
Popular comedian now on the vaudeville stage

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HENRY KOLKER
Leading man with Margaret Anglin in Australia

Hallen

MACY HARLAM
Playing Baptiste Leveque in "The Boys and Betty"

Paul Bourget's "Divorce" Seen on the American Stage

AT the Detroit Opera House recently F. C. Whitney and an excellent company presented for the first time in the United States an English adaptation by Stanislaus Stange of "Un Divorce," comedy in three acts by Paul Bourget and André Cury, originally produced at the Théâtre du Vaudeville, Paris, early last year. The American version, entitled "Divorce," had received much red-letter advance advertising and promised to be sensational, but expectation was generally disappointed. The play was hopelessly depressing and unsatisfying. Those who confidently hoped to hear racy developments of the sex question received a chilling check. Others went, no doubt, honestly to hear a frank discussion of the divorce question, and these were pleased or offended according to their different leanings. This was shown by the significant applause, one element of the audience applauding the dictates of the Church, another, and by far the larger element, applauding the untrammeled human sentiments. It was possible to guess the respective private opinion of each man and woman in the audience by observing what they applauded.

"Divorce," as treated by Bourget, is distinctly a church play. The subject is treated throughout solely from the church point of view, and when I say the church, I mean exclusively the church of Rome. No other church is thought of. The author has written in accordance with the attitude of the Roman church towards the divorce question, taking it for granted that the authority and wisdom of Rome are unassailable and final.

By way of contrast a Socialistic element is introduced in the person of a young woman whose marriage ceremony consisted simply of mutual consent between herself and her husband. This young woman is brought face to face with the divorced woman who has married again and who objects seriously to the Socialistic woman on the ground that she has never been married at all. The Socialist admits having lived with a man without any marriage ceremony, but, she says: "You have a husband, the man you married first. If he is your husband, then the man you live with now is not your husband. Wherein then do we differ?"

The legal side of marriage and divorce is touched upon, but very lightly. Indeed, the law is practically ignored or considered of small account as compared with the law of the church. The church is thus made unpleasantly prominent. One has the feeling that the play is not meant for entertainment but is rather a pleasing glove within which the ecclesiastical iron hand is stretched out to sieze the people in its grip and compel them to submit to its dictates. This realism is so extreme that it prevents any illusion.

Mme. Gabrielle Darras, the devout wife of a banker, secures a divorce and marries again, her second husband being a free thinker. Her religious conscience troubles her, however. She fears she has sinned in contracting this new union to which the Church has refused its sanction. A priest, a friend of the family, tells her that she cannot look for pardon during the life of her first husband, whom the Church alone recognizes. Her son, Lucien, is in love with a young woman who is studying medicine, and who has had a child out of wedlock. He tells his mother he wants to marry this girl. When Gabrielle raises objections he replies that he sees no difference between the girl who has erred and a mother who is divorced. Here the dramatist introduces his powerful but somewhat specious plea. There can be no compromise. Divorce is impossible. The piece ends with the idea that a woman must be content with a marriage sanctioned and blessed by the Church or be reconciled to live out of wedlock altogether.

As may be inferred by the foregoing brief synopsis, the play deals with a disagreeable subject, and one that probably will never be settled. As long as human nature is so infinitely varied,

GERTRUDE VON LETH
Who has had great success in London in exhibitions of classic dancing

Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Kassa" at the Liberty Theatre

Photos Byron, N. Y.

Chas. A. Millward (The Prince) Mrs. Leslie Carter (Kassa)

ACT II. KASSA TELLS THE PRINCE THE STORY OF THE BROKEN BUTTERFLY

Mrs. Leslie Carter (Kassa) Charles Pitt (Janos)

ACT V. THE RETURN OF KASSA FROM HER JOURNEY INTO THE WORLD

Harry Weaver (Father Lovak) Mrs. Leslie Carter (Kassa)

ACT V. KASSA: "I AM STILL IN TIME—THE BELLS HAVE NOT RUNG"

mis-matches will occur and misery, sin and even crime will arise therefrom. Whether mismated couples had better persist in living together, or separate, is a mooted question. Surely, divorce is better than unhappiness, immorality and crime. On the other hand, the widespread and fast-spreading tendency to seek divorce for insufficient and even frivolous causes is also a great evil. It is a vital and absolutely personal question. No one person or institution can decide it. It is easy to lay burdens on other peoples' shoulders, when we do not have to try to bear them ourselves. It is a serious subject, and seriously this Bourget play deals with it.

This in itself is likely to imperil its chances of success in this country, for in America we do not take the drama seriously as they do in France. In France the theatre is accepted as an authority on public questions, and moulds and guides public opinion to an extent we should hardly deem possible. The play, written by a brilliant French dramatist for French people, and from the standpoint of the leading church of France, is likely to wield a widespread and weighty influence in France. There it would be likely to cause wide discussion. It might assume almost the importance of a political issue. As a stage production, therefore, it would be likely to play to big receipts, but not so in this country.

In America we do not take the drama seriously. It does not mould our sentiments, or change our opinions, or influence our lives and laws. To us it is mere amusement, entertainment, and if it fails in this, we will not have it. Frankly, this play of Bourget's does not amuse. There is not a bright spot in it. It is sorrow and disagreement from beginning to end. It aims to teach and to establish the law of the church of Rome regarding divorce. The lesson is not needed here and the repellant free love theory advanced can only do harm. Even the "sensationalism" in the play which was so industriously advertised in advance, fell flat. The mere avowal of atrocious guilt, even in sexual relations, makes no appeal to the senses. It chills and repels rather than arouses or attracts. Our audiences want to be amused, aroused, excited; not chilled and repelled and depressed. Learning lessons is not much fun in the theatre.

MARGUERITE SYLVA

American singer well known on the comic opera stage and who went to Paris a few years ago and met with immediate success at the Opéra Comique, where she has sung all the important rôles. This portrait shows her as Marguerite in "Faust"

The play was in competent hands. Miss Marion Terry carried off the honors as the wife, but the rôle gave her scant opportunity to distinguish herself. John Glendenning made a good impression as the straightforward, self-assertive banker. Eben Plympton, as the Catholic priest, had a rôle that was hardly worthy of his fine ability. Ida Conquest was sympathetic in the unattractive rôle of a professional nurse. Vincent Serrano was noisily impetuous as the son Lucien. The others in the cast did well in their respective rôles.

FRED L. MONROE.

The Merry Widow | The Bathing Girl | Old-fashioned Girl | Mint-julep Girl | The Gibson Girl

CHARACTERS IN "THE HERMITS IN DIXIE" PRESENTED RECENTLY BY THE HERMITS' CLUB OF CLEVELAND, O.

The Hermits' Club of Cleveland enjoys the reputation of being one of the most successful amateur theatrical organizations in this country. It was started originally as a lunch club by the younger business and professional men of the city. The members soon had a clubhouse of their own and a full orchestra of 30 pieces. Then they started presenting each year a musical comedy of their own composing, and for the last four years these productions have been the important social event of the season at the Cleveland Opera House. The first public entertainment was the "Hermits in Holland." This was followed a year later by "The Hermits in Spain." Last year it was "The Hermits in California," and this year "The Hermits in Dixie." The productions are unique from the fact that every part in the performance, from that of the leading lady to the basso in the orchestra, is played by members of the club. It is also interesting to note that the last production cost $17,000 to put on, while the receipts netted over $27,000

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"The Third Degree"

(*Continued from page 99*)

to the crime if he is innocent. She says that he is a hypnotic subject, and that Captain Clinton hypnotized him. This startles the lawyer, and he agrees to take the case. Mr. Brewster, acting on the hypnotic idea, arranges for a meeting at his house between Dr. Bernstein and Captain Clinton.

BREWSTER (*rising and facing Captain Clinton*): Now, Captain, in the present case, on the night of the shooting and confession, did you show young Mr. Jeffries—the pistol with which he was supposed to have shot Robert Underwood?

(*Dr. Bernstein leans over table, keenly and interestingly waiting for the Captain's reply.*)

CAPT. CLINTON: Yes—I think I did—didn't I, Maloney?

(*Turns to Maloney as before.*)

BREWSTER: Your word is sufficient, Captain—did you hold it up?

CAPT. CLINTON: Yes—I think I did——

BREWSTER: Do you know if there was a light shining on it——

(*Dr. Bernstein leans over a bit more intensely and watches the Captain.*)

CAPT. CLINTON: Don't know—might have been——

BREWSTER (*to Dr. Bernstein*): Were there electric lights on the wall?

DR. BERNSTEIN: No, on a lamp above——

CAPT. CLINTON: Oh—what difference does that make?

BREWSTER: Quite a little—the barrel of the revolver was bright—shining pistol——

(*Brewster is very impressive—driving every point home.*)

From the moment that Howard Jeffries' eye rested on the shining steel barrel of that revolver he was no longer a conscious personality—as he himself said to his wife——

(*Dr. Bernstein resumes his former position.*)

"*They said I did it—and I knew I didn't, but after I looked at that shining pistol I don't know what I said or did—everything became a blur and a blank.*" Now, I may tell you, Captain, that this condition fits in every detail the clinical experiences of nerve specialists and the medical experiences of the psychologists. After seven hours' constant cross-questioning, while in a semi-dazed condition—you impressed on him your own ideas, you suggested to him what he should say—you extracted from him not the thoughts that were in his consciousness, but those that were in your own; is that the scientific fact, Doctor?

DR. BERNSTEIN: Yes——

BREWSTER: The visual captivation of Howard Jeffries' attention makes the whole case complete and clear to the physician——

CAPT. CLINTON: Visual captivation is good!

(*Laughs ironically and turns to Maloney.*)

What do you think of it, Maloney?

MALONEY: Fine——

CAPT. CLINTON: It's a new one, eh?

BREWSTER: It's a very old one, Captain Clinton, as old and as cruel as the Spanish Inquisition. In those days they extorted confessions from poor unfortunate suspects by means of physical torture, but your third degree method is mental torture, but it certainly explains these other cases, doesn't it?

CAPT. CLINTON: I don't know that it does—I don't acknowledge——

BREWSTER: Captain Clinton, whether you acknowledge it or not, I can prove that you obtained these confessions by means of hypnotic suggestion—and that is a greater crime against society than any the State punishes or pays you to prevent——

(*Captain Clinton grabs cigar out of box, viciously bites end off and commences angrily to chew it.*)

CAPT. CLINTON: I guess the boys up at Albany can deal with that question——

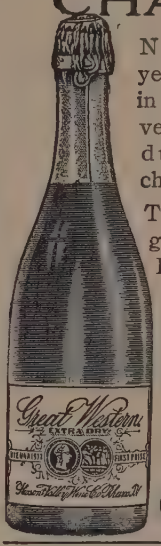
BREWSTER: The boys up at Albany know as little about the laws of psychology as you do——

(*Picks up paper from table and goes down right a bit—then to back of chair right of table.*)

This matter will be dealt with at Washington——

Complete vindication for Howard follows. The police find they have not a leg to stand upon, their alleged "confession" is shattered, and the case falls completely to pieces when a woman comes forward and shows a letter proving that Underwood contemplated suicide. This woman is Annie, who, enabled by the similarity of names, is willing to let the world believe that it was to her that Underwood addressed the letter and not to her husband's stepmother. The family receives Howard back to its bosom.

Great Western
EXTRA DRY
CHAMPAGNE



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"Salome" at the Manhattan

(Continued from page 78)

interesting. The stage picture was very effective and the handling of lights was artistic. Campanini conducted the orchestra ably, giving a smooth reading of this work rather than one that abounded in sharp and rugged dramatic contrasts. It was a very successful presentation of the work, and artistically it was another triumph for Oscar Hammerstein.

At the Metropolitan there have been several events of moment. In the first place there was the revival of Massenet's "Manon," an opera which had slumbered here for ten years. New York has heard several Manon interpretations —Sybil Sanderson, Melba, and Frances Saville— to catalogue them. Now it has also heard Geraldine Farrar. She made a very lovely picture— especially in the first act; and then she sang beautifully, too. Later she lapsed into some moments of singing "sharp," which trait has come to hearing more than once this season. Signor Caruso was Des Grieux and he sang and acted well, too. Scotti and Noté filled the remaining rôles of importance. The work sounded loud a great deal of the time, and it has been suggested that this was done purposely in order to emphasize the lines of the opera so that they would not be lost in this vast auditorium. The scenery was pretty and, all told, it did one's ears good to hear this dainty Massenet work again—even though it sounded saccharine from time to time.

Then there was a new Cio-Cio-San in a remarkable performance of "Madama Butterfly." She was Emmy Destinn and she sang it beautifully and with an artistic clarity, vocally, that was amazing. There was not much subtlety to her acting, but her singing was a vast delight. On this occasion, too, there was a new tenor, Grassi by name, who hails from Italy. He is young, has temperament and a light, pleasing, flexible voice. He filled the auditorium without any forcing of tone, and he is altogether a very pleasing singer. It is a delight, every now and again, to hear a voice that has not become ravaged by use or age.

And the final incident of note at the Metropolitan was the farewell of Sembrich. It is a quarter of a century ago since she first trod these boards, and with the present season she decided to bid adieu to opera. Her farewell was a remarkable occasion. The house was packed to its utmost limit and hundreds were turned away. The operatic bill was a composite of one act each from "Don Pasquale," "Il Barbier di Siviglia" and "La Traviata." Nearly all the principals of the company were enlisted, some of them singing even small rôles and many of them appearing in the chorus of the last named opera. Then there were festivities on the stage, speechmaking and presents from individuals and from the public, who had subscribed to buy a string of pearls and a gold watch and jeweled chain. Seth Low made the speech of presentation. Andreas Dippel read the resolutions from the board of directors by which Sembrich was elected an honorary member of the Metropolitan Opera Company. There were loving cups, a punch bowl, wreaths and flowers in profusion. The orchestra played the "Star Spangled Banner," everybody sang it and then the curtain fell. A very great artist has said good-bye to a public which adored her.

In the concert room there has been that endless array of artists—good, bad, great and mediocre. Let the procession pass into oblivion so far as this record is concerned save the single case of Paderewski He returned here for a limited number of concerts and his single appearance in recital at Carnegie Hall drew out a monster crowd. He played beautifully with that mastery of musicianship and tone magicianship that ever has been his own. There were again those attempts to show the leonine of his later nature —for in former years he was all melting tenderness and sentiment. But these flashes were, so far as the public was concerned, quite obliterated by the mellow episodes when he played Chopin, Schumann and a delicious thing by Debussy called "Reflets dans l'Eau," in which beautiful tonal forms shimmered and throbbed in graceful wavering water. And it was then that the beauty of his rich singing tone was heard—aye, and even felt, so luscious again was its ripe charm. There was applause without end and encores by the half dozen. What is the use of comparing, and why discuss in cold blood this man's art. Paderewski stands quite alone. He has been called a hypnotist, a magician and what not—he is, after all, a great pianist—a creature of delicate, vibrant nerves and exotic moods. And when he plays humanity falls upon its knees and opens its ears.

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New Dramatic Books

THE FAITH HEALER. Play in four acts. By William Vaughn Moody. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston and New York: 1909.

Mr. Moody, who wrote "The Great Divide," is a man of poetic inspiration, with a strong liking for mysticism. The faith healer, as a herder of sheep, had spent some years in solitude in Mexico. His spiritual growth was such that he finally saw the apparition of Christ, and from that moment he began his wanderings, healing people here and there. He is now accompanied by a young Indian boy, whom he had raised from the dead. It will be seen that Mr. Moody goes the entire length of the theory or fact of the power to heal and to exercise the spiritual function to the utmost. The scene of the play is laid in a town in the Middle West among plain people. A bedridden wife, after long prayer with her for many days, is made to walk. The husband is an unbeliever at first. A young girl, a relative, living in the house, attracts the faith healer, and for a little while his spiritual power seems to be about to depart from him. At the end of the play these two will become man and wife, he forgiving her for a mishap of her past. There are some vivid scenes in the play and much good characterization. Its success upon the stage would be problematical. However, the same thing might well have been said of "The Great Divide" before its production.

KING ALFRED'S JEWEL. By the author of "Mors et Victoria." The John Lane Company, New York and London.

This is a dramatic poem, with many of the qualities of the Stephen Phillips' school of verse. The scene is laid in England in the ninth century. Of course, dramatic things happened at that remote period and no doubt the verse form is the best for the subject; but for stage performance the long speeches, beautiful as some of them are, make it impossible. As a bit of literature, it has uncommon merit.

DESTINY AND DESIRE. Poems by Maryland Watson. New York: Casino Publishing Co.

This is a collection of poems which can hardly be recommended for family reading. The author, a young woman of more than average good looks, if we may judge from the photographic frontispiece, appears to be a faithful disciple of Ella Wheeler Wilcox. The poems show considerable talent, the imagery is vivid and the treatment vigorous, while the lines have grace and rhythmical swing. Tempestuous love is always an interesting subject, especially to those directly concerned, but the reader is apt to become surfeited by dint of constant reiteration. The little volume is well printed, but its general tone is decidedly unwholesome.

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Plays of the Month

(Continued from page 75)

accept the dramatist's assurance that he is cured. It is not very convincing, the incidents are theatrical and the conditions fanciful. Glad is a typical Eleanor Robson part. The play has the charm of the author and the actress.

KNICKERBOCKER. "The Fair Co-ed." Musical comedy in three acts by George Ade. Music by Gustav Luders. Produced Feb. 1 with this cast:

Davy Dickerson, Arthur Stanford; Wellington Reed, Sydney Jarvis; Josephus Cadwallader, Edgar Halstead; Ernest Grubb, H. David Todd; Freddie Carrington, Lionel Walsh; Bob Chester, James Reaney; Captain Peacock, Donald McLaren; Squab Ringle, Harry Clarke; Grouch Hubbard, Leavitt James; A Sergeant, Stewart Belknap; Cynthia Bright, Elsie Janis; Angelina Baxter, Inez Bauer; Hazel Pinkham, Constance Eastman; Byrdie Wheeler, Marion Mills; Magnolia Curtis, Elise Steele.

Charles Dillingham, under whose managerial banner Miss Elsie Janis is now a full-fledged and well-established star, is a firm believer in the theatrical literary quality of Mr. George Ade. His belief at times has been well founded and at other times it has received a severe shock. The Indiana-by-way-of-Chicago humorist is billed as the author of "The Fair Co-Ed," in which Miss Janis is now displaying her positive gifts and charming personality to the edification of large audiences at the Knickerbocker. "The College Widow" was such a phenomenal success that it is not surprising that Mr. Ade has gone back to his original fount of inspiration and selected Bingham College, Atwater's hated rival, as the scene of his latest effort. It is at Bingham where Cynthia Bright, personated by the young star, is the one co-ed. The idol of the entire undergraduate body, Cynthia's life is made one long dream of sophomoric attention. The plot is not a deep or complicated one. She is loved fervently by Davy Dickerson; but her guardian has decreed that she can marry no one who does not graduate from Bingham, and Davy, played with much manliness by Arthur Stanford, has his troubles, but not until Cynthia, disguised as a midshipman, attends the annual military ball to test the sincerity of her lover. She is chaperoned by a freshman made up as an elderly female. In this rôle Harry Clark scored heavily and was genuinely discreet and funny. Through it all Miss Janis rattled with all the buoyancy of graceful youth, and in the final act contributed her well-known imitations which have lost none of their pregnant humor and significant detail.

But the most remarkable feature of the production is the chorus; and, *mirabile dictu*, it is a masculine chorus at that. Fred G. Latham, who staged the piece, deserves splendid commendation for the spontaneity he has infected into this pseudo-body of undergrads. They are absolutely like the real thing, and the scene on the campus in which they sing the good old college songs is worth going a long way to both see and hear. The original music by Gustav Luders is sufficiently tuneful and catchy to serve its purpose.

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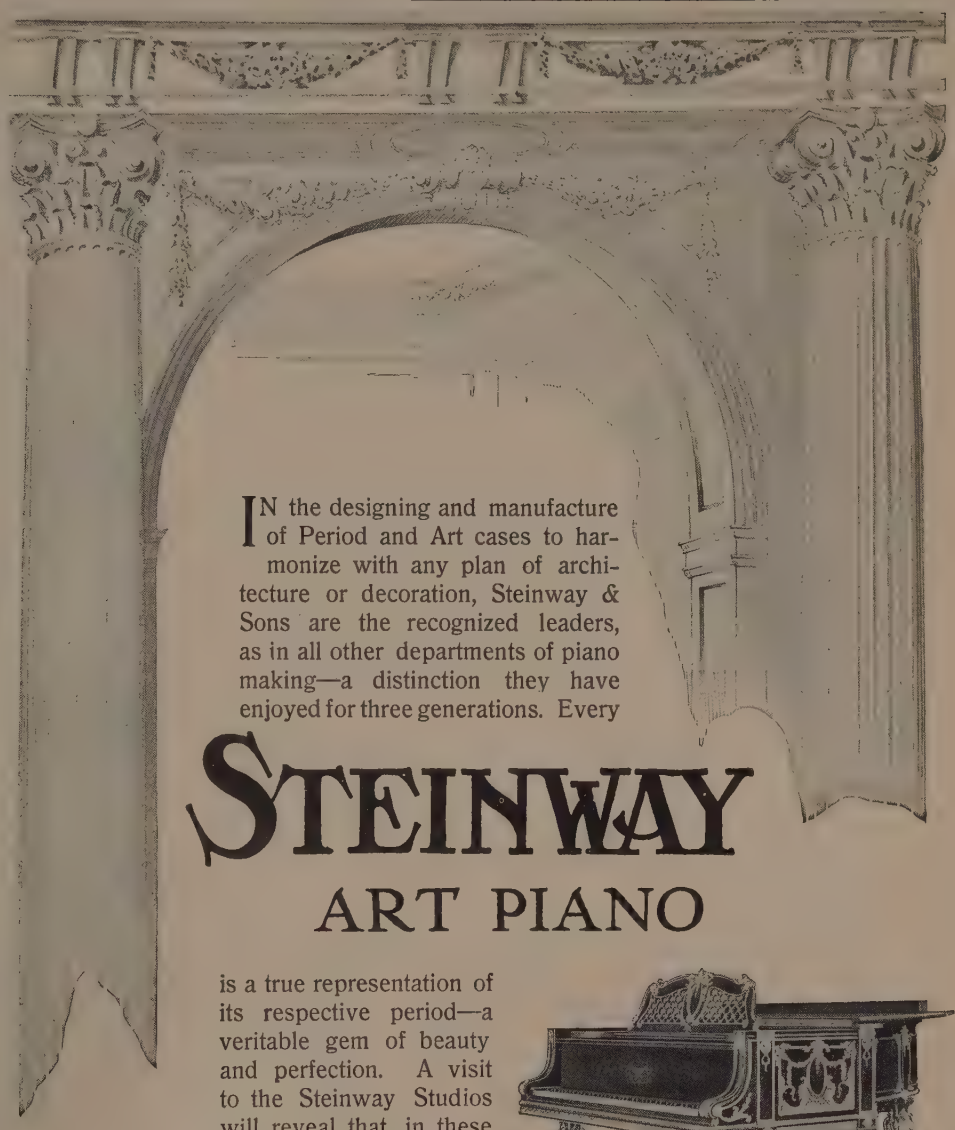
NEW AMSTERDAM. "Kitty Grey." Musical comedy in three acts adapted from the French by J. W. Pigott. Music by Lionel Monckton and Howard Talbot. Produced Jan. 25 with this cast:

The Earl of Dulston, G. P. Huntley; Sir John Binfield, F. Pope Stamper; Ernest III., King of Illyria, Charles Angelo; Count Trenitz, Frank Perfitt; Karl, Percy Corray; Fritz, Robert Corray; Pontbichet, Francis Gaillard; Joseph, Percival Knight; Lady Binfield, Valli Valli; Sadie Poulson, Eva Kelly; Madame Pontbichet, Barbara Huntley; Susan Bright, Mabel Sealby; Queen of Illyria, Glory Pearce; Gladys, Gladys Desmond; Millicent, Millicent Forsyth; Ethel, Ethel Forsyth; Barbara, Barbara Dunbar; Mabel, Mabel D'Estere; Dorothea, Dorothea Temple; Kitty Grey, Julia Sanderson.

Occasionally it is a profitable theatrical venture to delve into the past. The old at times proves superior to the novelty of the present. Charles Frohman is profiting just now by a consideration of this conclusion. Years ago at the Casino, under the Lederer régime, there was produced with an original score by Gustav Kerker an adaptation from the French called "The Rounders." Dan Daly, Thomas Q. Seabrooke and Phyllis Rankin were among those who sustained prominent parts. Another version prepared for the London stage by J. W. Pigott had a long run in the English metropolis. It is this arrangement which is now being presented before large audiences at the New Amsterdam with G. P. Huntley in the stellar rôle as the Earl of Dulston. It is a slightly more refined edition of the Gallic

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N. B.—The following issues, June, Aug., Sept., Oct. and Dec., 1901, being entirely out of print, are not sold separately any more, and can only be supplied in the complete bound book.

original than the Casino model, but Mr. Pigott's dialogue has plenty of that forced and stogy quality of humor which passes current with the British; for the principal fun which the exhibition presents comes from the personality and antics of the star and that certainly is his and his alone. The lyrics are fair in singing quality, but the music drawn from various sources is of the most tenuous quality, and for the benefit of the piece, the players and the public it would be good business judgment for Mr. Frohman to make arrangements with Mr. Kerker for the substitution of his pleasant and melodious score. The chorus is large and well drilled, but there is nothing original about their work. There is some pretty scenery, but outside of the costumes worn by the principals it would seem as though a comprehensive, if not very fresh, stock wardrobe had been drawn upon. Julia Sanderson as the fascinating Kitty Grey is piquant, pretty and vivacious. Ernest III, a naughty monarch of Illyria, as played by Charles Angelo, makes one sigh for the artistic, humorous niceties which Seabrooke used to bring to the rôle. Barbara Huntley is animated and graceful as Kitty's dresser, and Valli Valli looks, acts and dances well. But Mr. Huntley is the whole show.

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DALY'S. "The Barber of New Orleans." Drama in four acts by Edward Childs Carpenter. Produced Jan. 15 with this cast:

Victor Jallot, Mr. Faversham; Luiz Delicado, H. Cooper Cliffe; Osborne, Berton Churchill; Allard, Morton Selten; Moreau, Frank A. Lyon; Poupet, France Bendtsen; Jerome, Leonie Flugrath; Ludwig Froebel, Charles Harbury; Antoinette, Julie Opp; Caresse, Alice Belmore; Ottilie Trudeau, Olive Oliver; Tonton, Gertrude Augarde; Moquier, John May.

A beautiful young woman moving in the highest circles of society in New Orleans is claimed by a Southern gentleman as the daughter of one of his quadroons or octoroons, and, as the slightest taint brought the penalty of ownership by the superior race, she is sold at auction and the barber buys her in order to secure for her her freedom. She is very indignant at the barber and thinks that he is real mean. But he is a good fellow, with wits as keen as his razor blades, saves Louisiana for the United States and wins the lady's love, she being discovered to be a Princess by birth and without a drop of negro blood in her veins. Of course, all this happened long before the Civil War was thought of and when Louisiana belonged to France. The play is a return, on a brief visit, of the romantic. The scene is laid in times when romance could have almost anything happen.

The tendency of the stage toward one form of drama at a time is so strong that, for a period, farce may be in vogue and then suddenly be laid aside for melodrama, which, in turn, is displaced by the romantic, which falls into disfavor and gives way to a revival of Shakespeare until some new change is made. The public gets tired of too much of one thing, cowboy plays and mining gamblers, for example. But a good play of any kind will defy managerial rule and prejudice. Mr. Belasco is likely to produce with success at any moment a type of play that would be scorned by the managerial profession generally. Mr. Faversham shows the same kind of independence in now producing a romantic play.

"The Barber of New Orleans" is not a good play, but we commend the courage of its production, which declares that the romantic drama is not necessarily dead. It will never die. The play by Mr. Carpenter is not of a kind that grips. Its facts are not well substantiated in a dramatic way, and any memory of it that may remain in any mind will be there largely through color, the acting and the stage settings. A good and new scene now and then indicates promise in the new author, but nothing leaves an impression of solidity. That a beautiful white girl is claimed as a slave, sold at auction, bought by a barber who has just won ten thousand dollars in a lottery, and eventually is discovered to be a princess with the best of white blue blood in her veins, is simply a story for a child. She marries the barber and the barber marries her, it being conveniently ascertained at the proper time that the barber has a little blue blood of his own. The barber is a fencing master, teaches dancing, and runs the Government of the United States to the discomfiture of rebellious factions who come to tear down the American flag over his shop. He routs them, a mob, with his rapier, single-handed, and converts them to loyalty with his eloquence. He is quick witted and resourceful. He has his enemy in the barber's chair and makes him retract a slander while he is shaving him, as the razor passes over his throat. But all these things are trivial. The only value possessed by the play is that it has atmosphere and some clever scenes.

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WALLACK'S. "THE NEW LADY BANTOCK." Comedy in four acts by Jerome K. Jerome. Produced Feb. 8 with this cast:

Fanny, Fannie Ward; Vernon Wetherell, John W. Dean; Martin Bennett, Charles Cartwright; Susannah Bennett, Terese Deagle; Jane Bennett, Margaret Fuller; Simeon Bennett, Frank Jackson; Ernest Bennett, Harold De Becker; Honoria Bennett, Perdita Hudspeth; the elder Miss Wetherell, Leila Repton; the younger Miss Wetherell, Margaret Grey; Dr. Fremantel, T. J. McGrane; George P. Newte, Robert McQuade, Jr.; England, Mabel Norton; Scotland, Mabel Earle Graham; Ireland, Stella Maltravers; Wales, Edna May Oliver; Canada, Marie Messner; India, Sylphie Radcliffe.

In these days when there seems to be an altogether too prevalent disposition to secure for production the salacious and the questionable, it is refreshing to witness such a clean, amusing and pleasant farce as is "The New Lady Bantock," which serves to re-introduce Miss Fannie Ward as a claimant for stellar honors at Wallack's Theatre. Jerome K. Jerome as a dramatist has not always hit the bull's-eye of public approval; but whatever he does contribute is always marked by a nice refinement, a gentle satiric touch, a comprehensive sense of the value of character, a sound technic and a graceful, humorous capacity for writing excellent dialogue. His new farce has all these qualities. It is not perhaps a piece which will attract theatregoers to the point where the box office will be unduly taxed, but it deserves substantial support not only on its merits but because of the remarkably competent and smooth all around performance which Miss Ward and her associates give of it. One fault may be found with it. It is just a trifle too long, considering its story. Three acts instead of four would easily provide for its recital. Fanny, a music hall favorite, marries Vernon Wetherell in ignorance of the fact that he is Lord Bantock. He takes her to his ancestral estates in Rutlandshire, where, to her dismay, she discovers that his butler is her uncle, and that twenty-two others of her relatives make up the domestic force at Bantock Hall. Her uncle, Martin Bennett, has very positive ideas as to how the head of the house should conduct herself, and her life is made amusingly miserable by their constant dictation. An old-time manager of hers has unwillingly complicated matters by informing her husband that one of her uncles was a bishop and the other a judge; and out of this deception there threatens a breach between the newly-weds. Fanny, however, first asserts her independence of her officious relatives, and as it turns out that the first Lady Bantock was the daughter of a butcher, Lord Bantock's troubles are removed.

Miss Ward played the rôle of Fanny with an admirable sense of artistic proportion. Her expression of professional license was never overdone, and in the final scene she struck a note of pathos that was more than convincing. As her suave, dictatorial, dignified and bumptuous uncle-butler, Charles Cartwright presented a character sketch of delicious comic force. Robert McWade, Jr., also brought out the full humorous significance of the unpolished but kind-hearted theatrical manager.

Public Criticism of Students

Criticism has nothing to do with pedagogics, and it is a question whether young players who are still serving, or perhaps only just beginning, their apprenticeship should get "press notices." For criticism, in the theatre as elsewhere, is properly the evaluation of pleasures, without consideration of extenuating circumstances. It inquires whether the performance is good or less good—that is to say, what degree and kind of pleasure it gives—not whether the performers are lads and girls of more or less promise who may by and by become accomplished artists,—*Times, London.*

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We feel the peculiar beauties of the old French classical plays still in the repertory of the Comédie Française, but they are stately and cold, of artificial growth, and uncongenial to the general mind. Every attempt to plant them elsewhere and outside France, however favorable the occasion, has failed. Their roots do not descend deep enough into our every-day feelings; and to enjoy them a man must move out of himself and accustom himself to an atmosphere foreign to his habitual existence.—*Morgen Zeitung.*

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How I Wrote My Lincoln Play

By BENJAMIN CHAPIN

My methods in constructing "Lincoln at the White House" differed somewhat from those of the melodrama manager who goes to bed, dreams a twenty-four sheet representing the Brooklyn Bridge afire, and next morning at his office says to his playwright-mechanic:

"Build me a drama around that picture!"

Necessarily I was obliged to build my play upon the great historical character whom I impersonate. Was this an easy task? No, hardly. I had no previous dramatic writer to blaze the way for me. I trod on absolutely novel ground. Not even Shakespeare ever undertook to present a great personality in the flesh with so many limitations and trammels of historical fact.

My first great difficulty was the being obliged to work without a central theme. From the Greeks to Eugene Walter the formula for the successful drama has always been the predominant motif, the love or hate or jealousy or patriotism or whatever it might be that dominated the principal action. I had not one theme to play upon, but a dozen or more themes if I was to present an all-round view of the man.

My second obstacle was the unbending character of the historical material. Think how I was limited. Tied down from altering the course of my character's behavior; limited in dialogue by the known style of my hero; prevented from changing sequence of scene or incident by the changeless course of history. Let any of you try it and you will realize how much easier it is to create a fictional character in a drama than to adapt a real one, how much easier to invent new lines than to put in lines that have been actually spoken.

I overcame the diffuseness of the theme by selecting four or five great characteristics of President Lincoln and building around them the minor characteristics. Then the plot slowly developed out of the character. As I have just remarked, nothing that Lincoln said could be transcribed exactly as he said it, but must be fitted to the scene and the occasion. Around Lincoln were grouped the characters of his fashion-loving spouse, his frolicsome boy Tad, his niece Kate Morris, his fiery Secretary of War Stanton, and Captain Bixby, a loyal Unionist suspected of being a spy. It was not my aim to show Lincoln as surveying the field of battle or seated at the council table with his cabinet. Rather I attempted to show the man's achievement from within, with Lincoln as the master spirit, both of the battling world without and of the home and the White House. Disunion and disloyalty raised their heads within the Executive Mansion; the struggle and the anguish were as keen there as on the battlefield. My aim was to set the big qualities of Lincoln in the foreground, while every incident should illustrate his splendid mastery of the situation.

The Lincoln play has been a labor of many years with me, and I can remember Prof. Brander Matthews hazarding the opinion some time ago that I would never succeed. He said, in effect, that to write such a play would be a very interesting exercise, but I could never accomplish what I had set out to do because a sustained drama of the martyred President would be impossible for any one man to write.

The Lincoln drama might at last be evolved, argued Prof. Matthews, but not as the result of one or five or ten years' labor. I was doomed to work and work and fail. Some succeeding writer might see the value of the material I had gained and try to utilize it. He, too, would fail. Then another, and another, might take up the task and perhaps the fifth or sixth man many years after our day would acquire the results of all his predecessors, and, using this material together with some heaven-sent inspiration modifying the plot or character or scene, might ultimately succeed in giving dramatic immortality to his "Lincoln" alongside of Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar," Goethe's "Faust," or Schiller's "Mary Stuart."

I started out to see whether it were possible, not, indeed, to write a Lincoln poetic masterpiece such as he perhaps had in mind, but to construct a prose play that should bring the great Emancipator before the eye and ear of the public. For nine years I devoted myself almost exclusively to the study of Lincoln. I wrote not one play, but fifty plays. Each failure was material on which to build better. At last I had manuscript that I knew was a play. I seized my hat and rushed to one of the principal theatrical managers. I did not know him personally and he did not know me, but he took the manuscript of my play and the next day offered to produce it.

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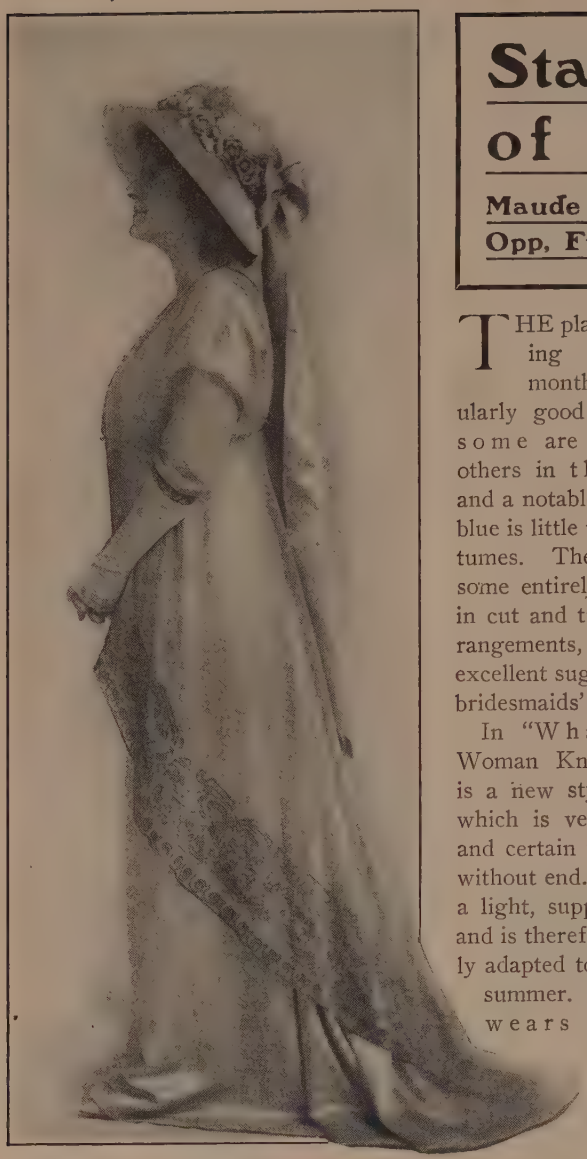
Theatre Coupon

Stage Fashions of the Month

Maude Adams, Leslie Carter, Julie Opp, Frances Starr, Maxine Elliott



Green satin Empire gown with filet net tunic. Worn by Julie Opp in "The Barber of New Orleans." Taken for the THEATRE MAGAZINE by Sarony, Fifth Ave.

THE plays seen during the past month are particularly good in color, some are better than others in this respect, and a notable fact is that blue is little used for costumes. There are also some entirely new ideas in cut and trimming arrangements, and some excellent suggestions for bridesmaids' costumes.

In "What Every Woman Knows," there is a new style of wrap which is very fetching, and certain to be copied without end. It requires a light, supple material, and is therefore peculiarly adapted to spring and summer. Miss Adams wears this wrap in the third act. It is made of a sage green satin, its novelty lying in its cut, and the manner in which the shirrings are manipulated. There is no sleeve, yet the shirring is so arranged that when the wrap is on the effect is of a tight, wrinkled, full-length sleeve. There are five or six rows of shirrings over cords, where in ordinary wraps the inside and outside seams of the sleeve would be. A plain yoke of the material stretches from shoulder to shoulder in the back, and to this is attached by shirrings the greater fullness required for the skirt portion. The fronts do not meet, and are finished with straight bands of the material similar to the trimming on the popular kimono.

This is at the same time one of the most novel and artistic outer garments that has been produced in several seasons, and is, I believe, a Worth model. By the way, I am told that Jean Worth, the grandson of the founder of the house, is on the way to make as great a name for himself as did his grandfather, and that we shall soon see the Worth models taking a foremost place in the fashion procession. Though he is only twenty odd years old, he has already introduced a number of successful ideas, and while it is not necessary for him, from a financial point of view, to continue the dressmaking business, he has chosen it both on account of family pride and because he appreciates its artistic possibilities.

Miss Adams wears this green satin wrap over a princess gown of cachemire de soie or Mystery silk, I am not sure which, for they so greatly resemble one another. This Mystery silk is an entirely new weave of silk that has a crêpe effect which sets off its beauty of color to perfection. While it is without the luster of satin on account of the way in which it is woven, there is a depth and glow to the color which is entrancing. Further, it is so much more moderate in price, only $1.50 a yard, and of such excellent quality that it is bound to replace cachemire de soie in the estimation of most women. This princess gown is so simple and refined in style that many women will find it just suited to their needs. The sleeves are of heavy net of the same shade, and tucked from shoulder to wrist in two-inch horizontal tucks. The high stock collar of écru lace is evidently supported by vent-bone, so perfectly is it held up about the neck. There is also a narrow guimpe of the lace.

The hat worn with this costume is quite a departure from the prevailing shapes, and is really far more chic than it looks in the photograph. It is a narrow side-rolled fur felt in the same green shade, trimmed with beautiful drooping ostrich plumes of a turquoise blue, which is the only color relief in this symphony of greens. I saw a similar shape in straw in the collection of Burgesser's smart tailored hats. This was of natural color straw trimmed with a short silk scarf and long pointed black wings. A chic model for young girls is called the Prima Donna, and is a large bowl-shaped brim with a bowl-shaped crown, simply trimmed with a scarf of cherry ribbon having a large white polka dot. Rough straws are more used than they have been for several seasons, but they have by no means ousted the smoother Panama and Philippine straws in which there are some stunning big country hats with wide brims and graceful roll off the face at the left front. One of these is trimmed with a soft white scarf and yellow wings laid flat on the crown, while another is simply banded with a black ribbon after the fashion in men's hats, and all are equally stunning.

Satin evening coat suggestive of church styles worn by Maxine Elliott in "The Chaperon." Specially taken for the THEATRE MAGAZINE by Otto Sarony Co.

As Miss Adams was the originator of the Peter Pan collar, so she will undoubtedly be of the Maggie Wylie collar, and we may therefore look to a vogue of dainty lace and lingerie collars of this type to begin with the warm weather. This is the low flat collar which is worn in both the first and second acts. Such a style is extremely becoming to young girls, but, oh the horror of it when worn in real life by women past the first bloom of youth! It is more than passing strange how few women perceive the tell-tale marks of age which make their first appearance upon the throat, and so expose these marks to view by wearing the collarless bodice or a flat collar. It is quite evident that most women do not pay as much attention to keeping their throats in good condition as they do their faces and hands. Any mode of neck dressing that retards the circulation of the throat is certain to mar its beauty sooner or later, and that is the reason some women never wear tight or stiff linen collars. Lack of proper circulation in the throat will discolor it quickly, and the best preventive is to gently massage a good cold cream into it at the same time that it is used on the face and hands.

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The long draped underskirt is untrimmed. The tunic is outlined with vandyked point of rat-tail in the same shade. Collar of satin outlined with black satin band and ornamented with rat-tail. Collarless yoke and undersleeves of tucked net of the same shade veiling a net of gold.

In the last act Miss Adams appears entirely in white. The gown is of some filmy sort of stuff, probably chiffon with a long wrap of the same material, and of somewhat similar description to the green satin wrap, though the sleeve portion is without shirring. There is nothing extraordinary about this outfit, and it might be questioned whether the material is entirely suited to a railway journey such as she is supposed to have just completed, though one must remember that in England a private compartment is more easily obtained than in this country. Or perhaps we are to surmise that she made her trip into the country by motor, in which case one would have thought that the wrap would have been of more substantial and dust-shedding qualities. The rolled brim sailor hat with its stiff wings is not becoming, and one is glad that it is so soon cast aside.

Miss Ffolliott Paget dresses well the part of the middle-aged countess. The ruling fashion ideas are here presented adapted to the full figure, and there are many women of like figure who could do no better than make a study of these effects for their personal benefit. Miss Agnew wears an extraordinarily pretty and becoming hat in the third act, a Charlotte Corday made of white lace and trimmed with pink roses and blue ribbon. While there is nothing new about this style, it is one that seems likely to continue a favorite for the summer, because of its general becomingness and suitability to the season.

Mrs. Leslie Carter in the rôle of Kassa makes but one change of costume. In the first and second acts she is garbed in the all white robes of the novice. In the third act she appears as the forsaken wife, who has arrayed herself in her most becoming gown in anticipation of her husband's return. This is an exceedingly effective and artistic tea gown of wine-red chiffon over white crêpe. The crêpe is molded to the form about the body, and the skirt hangs in full straight folds with a scarf knotted in front, the long fringed ends of which reach almost to the ground. The chiffon over garment is in the form of a long coat, the wide loose sleeves cut in one with the body, and are of the Japanese type. This garment is fastened to the white crêpe gown only at one point, a few inches below the waist line in front.

While there is ample opportunity between the acts to change this costume, Mrs. Carter shows her artistic perception of the part by continuing to wear it throughout the remainder of the play. No woman of the caliber of Kassa, and going through the storm and stress that she did would stop to think about what she was wearing, or whether the gown was suitable for the occasion or not, and while one is positive that a sartorial treat has been missed by not seeing Mrs. Carter in other gowns, there is gratitude that she has preserved the unity of the character by adhering to the single costume.

There are three good-looking riding habits worn by members of the company. The coats of these are sufficiently long to cover the saddle when the wearers are on horseback, and with them are worn small derbies. After all, what more becoming costume can a woman wear than a well-cut riding habit? In the supper scene in Vienna, one costume stands out in the memory. This is an evening gown of gray spangled net worn by Miss Doris Hardy. It is all one shade of gray, which is of a medium tone, and the only relief is the glitter of the spangles. The short sleeves have attached to them tulle streamers about half a yard long. One could wish that more young girls would follow Miss Hardy's style of hair dressing instead of the fearful atrocities they perpetrate in their mad following of the Greek coiffure. Mrs. Carter is as individual and artistic in the arrangement of her luxuriant auburn hair as she is in all else. This is loosely waved in a soft natural pompadour about the face, and then roped in massive braids that completely cover the back of the head.

The "Barber of New Orleans" is full of suggestion both as to color and costumes. The scene is laid in the Little Paris of the Wilderness at the beginning of the nineteenth century, which was a time when even men's dress was picturesque, so that there are good ideas for coats for tailored suits to be obtained from the men's garments in this play. Indeed some of the smartest tailored coats now being worn by fashionable women are almost direct copies of the coats worn by men of the Directoire epoch. The long lounging coat worn by Mr. Faversham in the first act, with a trifle more flare in the back of the skirt, would make an ideal evening wrap, or with a slight alteration in the sleeve could be adapted to automobile purposes. It would not be at all surprising if some of the astute makers of ready-made garments soon brought out the Victor Jallot coat, nor would it be the first time that an actor's coat has been the inspiration for a feminine garment, for does not all the world remember the popularity of the Prince Chap coat? This particular coat is made of a medium tone of violet cloth with collar and wide cuffs

Photo Otto Sarony Co.

Costume of bordered foulard with high corsage of chiffon and lace worn by Maxine Elliott in "The Chaperon"

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Empire gown of lavender satin embroidered in several shades of the same color worn by Olive Oliver in "The Barber of New Orleans." Photo taken for the THEATRE MAGAZINE by Sarony, Fifth Avenue

of a much deeper shade. There is a great deal of play made upon the various tones of violet in this piece; it is the undercurrent of color throughout, and around which the other tones are built until it reaches its climax in the deep purple cloak and chiffon scarf worn by Miss Opp in the last act. This sustained color note is quite a novel idea, and one which is susceptible of interesting developments.

The beauty of color in the costumes of this play has seldom been equaled. One harmonizes with the other so well, and all with the scenic backgrounds, yet each stands out with its own particular value. While the tones are all soft and artistic, each costume is distinctive as to its color, and the high lights in the pictures have been most cleverly managed. Take, for example, the second act at the open-air restaurant. Here Miss Oliver appears in a lavender satin gown of the Empire period, completed by a bewitching poke bonnet trimmed with roses and a bit of black ribbon. She is the center of interest in the beginning of the act, just as her costume is the dominating color, yet when Miss Opp as the heroine appears in a regal pale green satin of the same epoch, Miss Oliver's gown seems to melt into the picture, and so to give greater force to the green tone.

Both of these gowns would make ideal bridesmaids' gowns for Easter weddings, if copied outright, in either Indro or Salome silk. Indro silk is, however, more suited to day wear, while the highly lustrous finish of Salome silk shows off to great advantage under artificial light, so that it is well adapted to the most formal occasions. Miss Oliver's gown would be very becoming to girls of medium or short stature, and the dear little poke bonnet would give added charm to the most piquant face.

Long chiffon scarfs of the same color as the gowns, or of a soft contrasting shade might be added, these to be worn over the shoulders and twined about one arm, and instead of the traditional bouquets the small Empire fans or long-handled parasols might be carried and would add novelty to the picture.

Miss Opp's trained green satin gown is made with a loose fitting coat of green filet net. This is longer in the back, where it ends in a deep point about half a yard from the end of the train, while the fronts, which are slightly cutaway, scarce reach the knees. It is embroidered all around the edges with a set pattern in gold soutache braid, above which there is a foliage design in gold thread embroidery. Then there is the big poke bonnet of green satin with long ribbon streamers that hang down the back, and with three or four roses on the outer brim near the crown. With this there is carried a long green chiffon scarf, the ends embroidered in gold. The coats of bridesmaids' costumes might be made of white net or lace, and another color substituted for green, but after all, what is more appropriate for a spring wedding than green, when all the world of nature is clothed in some shade of that color. Three or four long-stemmed roses of the same color as those used on the hat could be carried by the bride's attendants, and would be thoroughly in keeping with the costume.

In the first act Miss Opp wears a pink silk Empire frock with ankle length skirt, which is trimmed with two shirred puffs of the material. These puffs are about three inches wide and separated by the same space. Over this dress is worn a figured net coat, which is pointed at either side of the front as well as in the back, where it is a trifle longer. A mob cap is worn with this gown,

Evening gown of spangled gray net, with long sleeves and tulle drapery falling from shoulders, worn by Doris Hardy in "Kassa." Taken by Tyler for the THEATRE MAGAZINE

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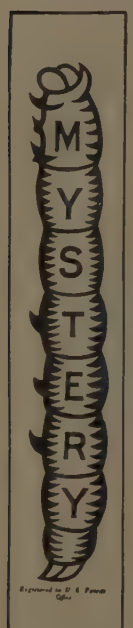

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Give me what I ask for. "I want what I want when I want it." NO SUBSTITUTE

which is made of two plaited lace ruffles and a big soft crown of the lace. Around this is twined a pale lavender satin ribbon with two small crush roses at the side. There is no wire in such a cap, though in other respects it resembles a small Corday hat. To be strictly correct in her costuming, Miss Opp wears over this cap for the street a big flat hat of coarse straw that is tied under the chin with ribbons. This costume has already been copied for an early spring wedding, the only difference being that the straw hat has been omitted.

To continue the subject of bridal party suggestions, why would it not be a pretty and novel idea to make use of the long floral garland for the bridesmaids. Mary Garden certainly looks most bewitching in the second act of "Pélleas et Mélisande" when she makes her entrance carrying that long heavy rope of foliage and flowers. Of course, it would take girls with erect bearing and good walk to use this effectively, but it would be an excellent lesson for the majority of girls to study Miss Garden's action and walk in this scene. If ever there was a portrayal of youth and innocence upon the stage, it is assuredly to be found in this scene. The garland is carried with both hands extended at the sides of the body, and it droops in a half circle from her hands almost to the ground.

Maxine Elliott as the Chaperon wears some smart gowns. In the first act she appears in a white broadcloth gown over which she wears a hip length coat of a dull shade of yellow cloth topped by a rather large black hat trimmed with stiff wings. This yellow coat would be a good type for spring and summer use. It is quite elaborately braided with soutache, and has rather short-waisted lines in the back. It would be splendid made of Arab silk with a skirt or Printzess dress to match, and the coat would be found exceedingly useful if a color were selected that could be worn with a number of costumes. Arab silk is also well adapted for motor coats, and for this purpose would look very smart made after the Victor Jallot model.

Mlle. Depallin in a Grecian gown of blue cachemire de soie with spangle bands in a darker shade and single band extending down the train, flat, elbow length sleeves of lace. By Buzenet of Paris. Photo by Cheri Rousseau

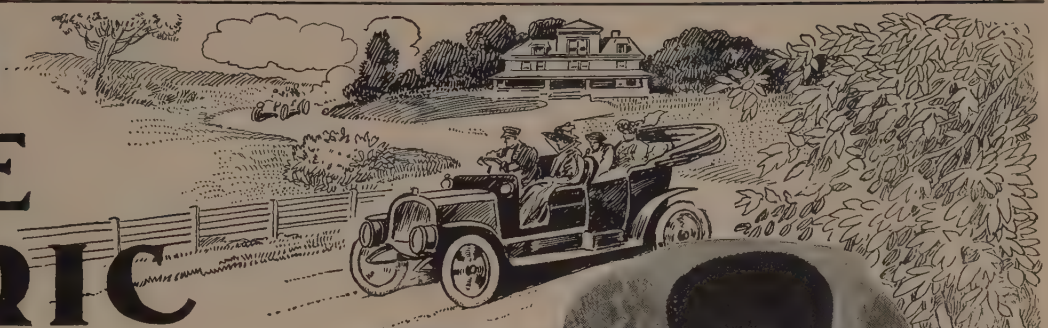
The evening gown donned towards the end of the first act is of white satin. The back draperies of white lace are particularly good, as will be seen by the illustration. A white satin evening coat, which Miss Elliott sometimes wears in this act, is made on similar lines to that worn by Miss Annie Russell as a motor coat, except that the fronts do not meet, and are faced kimono fashion with wide bands of a contrasting color, which also appears in the center back. Some might question the good taste of wearing so many diamonds at a small dinner in the Adirondack wilderness, but then they are so becoming to the wearer, and they add so much to her disheveled appearance in the second act that such a trifle may well be overlooked.

In the last act Miss Elliott sometimes wears one gown, sometimes another. The foulard silk which is illustrated holds excellent suggestions for the manipulation of bordered materials. Here, instead of being used as is so often the case as a foot trimming for the skirt, it is employed for the short front tunic, which extends around to the back, where it falls in a sashlike drapery to the end of the train. This could be copied not only in foulard, but also in the new soft cottons, as many of the handsomest of these are bordered goods. Another gown which Miss Elliott occasionally wears in this act is a light-blue satin-faced cloth made Empire style, with the front of the bodice simulating a bolero. It has the daintiest sort of a flat black satin collar outlining the slightly pointed open neck, and flat collars bid fair to be general favorites this spring on both dresses and coats.

In the "Easiest Way," Frances Starr dresses the leading part in accordance with the character, but that is far from saying that the canons of good taste are observed. Errors are committed that a woman such as Laura Murdock would be more than apt to commit in real life. For instance, where is the woman in society who would array herself in a low-cut satin gown at one o'clock in the day, when she was expecting the man she hoped to marry. In itself it is a fine gown, being of an odd shade of dull pink, over which is draped aluminum net that in turn is draped with a fine black net held down around the bottom of the skirt by handsome embroidered appliqués in which are mingled a number of rich colors. But when all is said in its favor, it is a gown which a woman of good taste would consider appropriate for dinner or for an afternoon at home, but never for the middle of the day.

Laura Murdock, the part which Miss Starr portrays, is a woman who sells herself for the luxuries of life, and she certainly gets the price, for in the packing scene is revealed untold quantities of silk and satin gowns, negligées and undergarments that must be dazzling to the weak-minded. The number of silk petticoats in this collection is a bit amusing to the fashion critic, as it is quite evident to the most casual observer that Laura considers the petticoat a decidedly superfluous garment. Then there are hats in almost as great profusion as the gowns, hats of the extreme type and overloaded with ostrich plumes, hats that brazenly cry their cost. Indeed, Laura Murdock may be summed up as the type of woman whose ideas on clothes should be as much avoided as her code of morals.

A NEW FIBRE FABRIC



Silk-Spun

TRIXIE FRIGANZA

is delighted with Silk-Spun and wears it on the stage. Here is what she says:

The Ohio Knitting Mills Co., Toledo, Ohio

CHICAGO, Jan. 13, 1909

Gentlemen:—I cannot tell you how delighted I am with the beauty of your wonderful new fabric, Silk-Spun.

I can not recall that I have ever seen a material which lends itself so exquisitely to draping effects of one sort and another; and your Senorita Silk-Spun scarf is certainly well named. It has all the charm and beauty of the Orient.

Sincerely yours Trixie Friganza

Has This New Fabric Come to Your Town Yet?

New fabrics are conceived and created only once in a generation.

New styles come every season—but Silk-Spun is new in the sense that the material itself is a discovery.

So you will have to prepare yourself in the Senorita Silk-Spun scarf, for instance, for an effect you have never seen before. No camera can catch the charm of this filmy fabric. No mere sample can show you its possibilities for the dress and decorative purposes enumerated below. No illustration can convey an adequate idea of its loveliness. It is new—new in the effect produced upon the eye, a glistening sheen that is neither silken nor metallic, but resembles, if it resembles anything, the lustre of spun glass. The

Senorita Silk-Spun Scarf

is unlike any scarf you have in your mind's eye at this moment. It comes in all the colors and shades that are popular: white, heliotrope, ecru, corn, champagne, cardinal, mode, wine, black, light blue, navy blue, pink golden brown, seal brown.

Pending the distribution of Silk-Spun dress goods and Senorita Silk-Spun scarfs among dealers all over the country the Senorita Silk-Spun scarfs are being sent direct, beautifully boxed, to the buyer. These beautiful scarfs will give you an idea of the possibilities of the Silk-Spun fabric; and the scarfs may be ordered, if you wish, by simply specifying shade and size. Or you can write and we will send you the beautiful descriptive booklet and samples.

Senorita Scarfs, plain colors, 12 by 64 inches, $1.00; 15 by 72 inches $1.50; 18 by 84 inches, $2.25; 21 by 84 inches, $3.00. Figured designs, in solid color—any of those named above—or combining white with pink, blue, corn or heliotrope—16 by 86 inches, $3.00; special weave, 36 by 90 inches, $4.00. Automobile scarfs, plain colors, beautifully fringed or plain hemmed edges, 24 by 90 inches, $3.00.

An entirely new shape in auto scarfs—the Directoire—the most practical yet devised—fashioned with ends split to a length sufficient to permit scarf to be worn over hat and tied under chin, while portion protecting the face is tied at back. Thus the scarf can be raised from the face without disturbing the part over the head. This style, 36 by 72 inches, $4.00.

If you are not delighted with your purchase you may send back the scarf and the money will be refunded by return mail.

Silk-Spun FABRICS How long it will be before your city sees this beautiful new fabric, which is sold by the yard, 36 inches wide, at $1.50, depends largely upon yourself. Your dealer, till he realizes its tremendous vogue in the large centers, will doubtless be slow to place it in stock.

But if you wish to be among those who are to enjoy the distinction of its earliest use in your community, for automobile scarfs in a special new weave for that purpose; for hat drapes; evening gowns, waists, sashes, insertions; ladies' ties with tasseled ends; window and door drapes and overhangings usually bought at art stores, or for any purpose for which the finest and softest silks can be used—the suggestion must come from you to the dealer.

The Ohio Knitting Mills Company 627 Cherry Street Toledo, Ohio

Every Senorita Silk-Spun is copyrighted on the selvage. Scarf is tagged with our trademark. Insist on seeing the tag.

Lace mob cap trimmed with roses and ribbon worn by Julie Opp in "The Barber of New Orleans." Special photo by Sarony, 5th Ave.

Even at the moment when she is about to start on the journey, which means a new and cleaner life for her, she dresses as only the woman would to whom good clothes are still a novelty, for her gown is such as even the richest society woman would consider more suited to visiting purposes than for a railway trip of several days' duration. Yet in itself it is a pretty gown of a lovely shade of dull gold broadcloth embroidered in silks of the same shade. But the really charming gown is that of the first act. This is a white lingerie gown made of an exquisitely fine embroidered flounce, and might well be copied for a young girl's dancing frock or for general summer use. It is in Empire effect with a somewhat scanty skirt. The high waist is outlined by a ribbon sash not more than four inches wide. This passes around the front and beneath the arms, but does not meet in the back by several inches, and the long ends float almost to the end of the ankle length skirt. This, too, would be a pretty frock for a summer bridesmaid worn with either a big flower-laden Leghorn hat or a lace Corday.

Turnover lingerie collar worn by Maude Adams in "What Every Woman Knows"

Laura Nelson Hall also dresses her part in keeping with the character, which is that of a *soi-disant* chorus girl, and chorus girl styles are not only the extreme but the limit. For example, what woman of taste would wear red gloves, even if they did match her costume, and were of a soft fruit red? She wears an attractive long suit coat and handsome sables in the last act, but what an atrocity in the way of a gown that coat does cover. It might well be dubbed the charity coat, for it certainly covers a multitude of sins. The skirt draperies are arranged near the bottom of the skirt in such a manner as to mold the plain upper portion to the figure, but alas! the corset is not equally well molded to the figure, and its lower portion is quite visible to the naked eye. As Miss Hall has a good figure, there is no reason why she should not have a good fitting corset.

Constance Collier in "Samson" is wearing a stunning Empire gown that bears the hall-mark of Fifth Avenue written large upon it, and is a decided improvement as well as much more be-

Otto Sarony Co.

A novel and artistic lace trimming for the sack of an evening gown worn by Miss Maxine Elliott

LONDON
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NO costume being complete without correct footgear, the well-gowned woman is particularly careful in her selection of shoes for the season. The new Walk-Over creations are so varied in pattern and modelling that one has only to express a preference to have it gratified. The same is true of Walk-Over Shoes for men now being shown in many smart seasonable styles.
Your especial attention is directed to Walk-Over Shoe quality, which is constantly maintained at the same high standard of excellence.
Style No. 909
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The Walk-Over Shop
330 Fifth Avenue New York
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The "Prima Donna"

A new hat for Spring, 1909, with all the characteristics—originality of style, superiority of material and workmanship—that has caused the Burgesser Tailored Hats to be acknowledged by good dressers everywhere as the PROPER HEADWEAR for all OUT-DOOR OCCASIONS.

If not on sale at your local dealer, write us and we will commend the nearest merchant carrying them.

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Beauty Culture Art is the affinity of Nature. Its magic touch makes woman's natural charms bloom like a gorgeous flower. It creates that perfect feminine beauty that men adore and women envy—beauty that radiates an irresistible charm and hypnotic fascination.

The Celebrated Beauty Culture Preparations of E. Burnham

are famous on two continents because of their absolute purity and by reason of the exquisite effects obtained by their use.

The last "art-touch" of Beauty Culture is in a clever arrangement of the hair. The correct coiffure gives superb "poise" and "dash of style," yet suggests delicately, the most admirable refinement.

The popular Coiffures of the season—including special Art-Coiffures, Parisian "Directoire" and the advance ultra-fashionable European modes are shown by E. Burnham with absolute style-correctness.

Write for special circular describing and illustrating these Coiffures.

For 37 years the establishment of E. Burnham has been noted for its production of **Professional and Character Wigs of all descriptions for both men and women; Bal Poudre, Fancy Dress and the designing of individual Art Coiffures for ultra-fashionable women**—the finest grades—the work of the most skillful American and European specialists—and at prices always consistent and reasonable.

Write today for information, advice, prices, catalog and free booklets on hair dressing, massage and beauty culture.

America's Premier Establishment of Designing, Manufacturing and Importing Wigs Coiffures, Hair Goods, Hair Ornaments and Standard Beauty Culture Requisites

Our Requisites Charm and Satisfy Because they Beautify

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Opening of New and Ampler Quarters—Retail and Wholesale.

A CORDIAL invitation is extended to those interested in the collection of the finest and rarest specimens of Oriental Rugs to visit us at our new address,

366 Fifth Avenue, cor. 35th Street.

Long established connections with the Orient enable us to offer here a complete selection of all the weaves, including examples of the best Kirman, Meshed, Sarouk and Gourevans, with a few remarkably choice Djsosghan rugs. We make a specialty of extremely large sizes.

No more valuable or extensive exhibit has ever been made by a single importer. Intending purchasers will have the benefit of the advice of experts.

Retail Department, 2d floor—Wholesale, 3d floor. Take Elevator.

Joseph Wild & Company

Established 1852. New York.

Redfern Whalebone Corsets

The Standard of Corset Fashion

The Foundation of a Perfect Fitting Gown

Step by step fashion lines have ascended until now they touch the heights of this Redfern figure style.

Fashion points to further development of the simplicity of line, emphasized in trimless effects, revealing the entire beauty of the form; sounding, as it were, the Greek note —lines, not curves—the straight-flat effect is the corsetting keynote.

Redfern Models are the only corsets that will give the unbroken lines as required for the uncurved figure fashion.

Redfern Models are perfectly comfortable, sitting, standing, or walking. While the longest models are very long, there are several inches of the fabric through which the whalebone does not extend. It is well to note that a Redfern Model, regardless of its price, is boned with the purest Arctic whalebone—the difference in price results from the richness of material and elaborateness of making —not boning or shape. Every Redfern is made to a fashionable fit.

Security Rubber Button Hose Supporters are attached to these models

$3.00 to $10.00 per pair, according to materials.
AT ALL HIGH-CLASS SHOPS.

We have a book of instructions for properly selecting and fitting the new long-skirt models. **Write for Booklet "T"**

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Superior style, fit and wearing qualities in

Kid Gloves

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All the new shades and lengths for both street and evening wear

Lord & Taylor

Broadway and Twentieth Street — Fifth Avenue, Nineteenth Street

coming than the typical English ball gown she wore on her first appearance. The new gown is of dull mustard colored cachemire de soie with a wide band of passementerie in

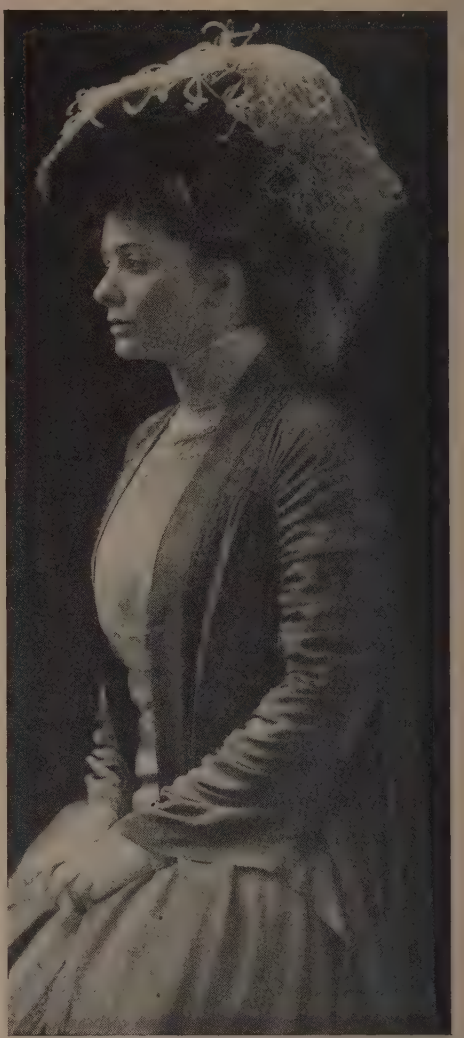

Photo by Moffett

Cape-like wrap of soft green satin with sleeve produced by shirrings worn by Maude Adams in "What Every Woman Knows"

the same tone encircling the bust, while two graduated bands of the passementerie start on each side at the back and follow the long sinuous lines of the skirt to the end of the train. The shade is exceedingly becoming to her brunette coloring. The slippers are of the material of the gown.

Caruso's New Rival

A new Caruso has been found, says the Paris correspondent of the New York *World*. He is only twenty-one years old, but gives promise of rivaling the great Italian tenor in vocal achievement. The young tenor looks like Caruso and, still more strangely, there is a resemblance in name, for the boy's name is Carasa—Federico Carasa. But he is a Spaniard, hailing from San Sebastian, where from the time he was seventeen he sang in the Orpheon, a noted choral society. There he attracted the attention of the Marquis de Rocaverde, Mayor of San Sebastian, who sent the young singer to Prof. Trabadelo, the noted teacher in Paris who trained the voices of Emma Eames, Geraldine Farrar, Sybil Sanderson and other famous singers.

Federico Carasa has been studying under Trabadelo for a little more than a year, justifying all his patron's hopes, and has just been accepted by the Paris Opéra—a remarkable distinction for a singer so young.

In Italian young Carasa sings all the repertoire of Tamagno and Caruso. He has a powerful voice, melodious and reaching up to high D.

He has made no public appearance in Paris, but has sung at the chateaux of some of the most influential members of Paris society. Recently he was a guest at the chateau of Baronne Alphonse de Rothschild, where he sang for a distinguished company.

Why stir up the Dust Demon to Frenzy like this?

Which Do You Do In Your House—
PACK DIRT IN? OR LIFT IT OUT?

When you use broom or carpet-sweeper, you scatter a large part of the dirt over a wider area, to be rehandled again and again; but that is not all of the evil.

Another large part of the dirt you work deep down into the carpet, there to decompose and putrify, to become the breeding place of germs and insects and to fill the house with musty and sour odors.

With such primitive implements, you simply can't help it; for that is their **constant tendency**, the absolutely necessary result of the **downward pressure** exerted by their every stroke.

Every time you use broom or carpet-sweeper, your every effort drives dirt down into the carpet deeper and deeper, and steadily adds new layers until the fabric is **packed. And that is why you have to renovate.**

It is true that the Vacuum System of cleaning is the only absolutely dustless system; but a large part of its remarkable efficiency is due to the fact that its **constant tendency is exactly opposite** to that of broom and carpet-sweeper.

Whereas broom and carpet-sweeper pack in the dirt even more solidly, the Ideal Vacuum Cleaner **lifts out**, by its suction force, more and more dirt from lower and lower depths. This it does constantly and always.

In other words, Ideal Vacuum Cleaning removes all the dirt that has been ground into the fabric as well as that which lies loosely on the surface, undoing with every application the evil of broom and carpet-sweeper.

And that is why the Ideal Vacuum Cleaner renovates every time it cleans.

The Ideal Vacuum Cleaner
(FULLY PROTECTED BY PATENTS)

Operated By Hand — *"It Eats Up the Dirt"* — *Or Electric Motor*

The **IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER** is the great Vacuum Cleaning principle brought to its ideal state of economy and efficiency and **made practical and possible for all.** Weighing only 20 pounds, it is easily carried about. Operated either by hand or little motor connected with any electric light fixture, it requires neither skill nor strength. Compared with sweeping it is no work at all.

There in your home the **IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER** stands working for you, raising absolutely no dust, scarcely making a sound. And yet, under the magic of its work, carpets, rugs, curtains, upholstery, etc., are made clean, wholesome and sweet **through and through.** Mysterious odors disappear, the breeding places of pests are removed, the destruction of fabrics is arrested, and the causes of disease are banished.

So tremendous is the saving effected by the **IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER**—in money, time, labor, health and strength—that it quickly pays for itself many times over. It is absurd to think that you cannot afford its small price. **How can you afford to be without it?** Try it and **you will be ashamed** of the conditions you have been living in.

Every machine is guaranteed.

Send to-day for our Free Illustrated Booklet. It tells a remarkable story that will mean **a new era** in your home.

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The "DEL" Electric Curling Iron

The only detachable curling iron ever invented. The "Del" has nothing to get out of order—nothing to break or bend—offers no chance to scorch the hair or burn the fingers. No soot or smoke from gas or lamp to soil the hair. No fear of making the hair coarse or brittle. The "Del" saves all these and beautifies the hair, for

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The "Del" is easily attached to any ordinary electric light fixture, and so simple any lady can use it. It makes

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than is possible with any old-fashioned curling iron, and causes the hair to remain in curl for several days longer.

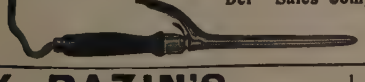
You can surpass the work of any skilled hair dresser who uses an old-fashioned curling iron.

The "Del" is quickly heated from the inside—evenly heated from end to end at just the proper degree for hair dressing. The heat is retained to allow the iron to be detached and used in another room if desired. It never heats in spots and cannot be overheated to scorch or injure the hair like the ordinary iron. You will be surprised and delighted to find how quickly, easily and perfectly you can dress your hair in the latest fashion with the "Del."

Try the "Del" Five Days at Our Expense

Then, if you are willing to part with it, send it back—we'll pay express both ways—and cheerfully refund your money. Price of the "Del" is $3.75, express prepaid. Send to us if your local dealer or electric station cannot supply you.

"Del" Sales Company, Dept. C, Monadnock Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



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The radical changes in fashion have necessitated entirely new lines for the figure. The straight back with the long, graceful, close-cut lines over the hips are now correct and can be easily obtained by the very modish *Lyra* models.

Lyra M 12—Snug hip (like illustration), a very smart model designed for medium and well-developed figures; medium bust, extreme length from waist line down in front, side and back. This garment has the unboned cloth extension in the front and over the hip. The very long back is boned the full length.
Material, coutil, white.
Sizes 18 to 30.
Boned with Walohn.
Price $8.00.

Lyra M 18—Same as M 12.
Material, brocaded silk, white.
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Price $15.00.

The perfect form and lasting fit of a corset depend upon the boning of the garment. *Lyra* corsets are *boned with Walohn*, the only reliable boning. It does not rust. It does not break.

We list only two of the many modish spring models. We would ask you to have your merchant fit you to just the right model for your individual figure. If *Lyra* corsets are not obtainable in your vicinity, write direct to us. Shall we send our booklet showing a variety of styles? No charge.

OTHER NEW MODELS, $5 TO $15

American Lady Corset Co.
NEW YORK DETROIT CHICAGO

"You do the designing—
Thread & Thrum Rugs
we'll make the rug."

Thread and Thrum RUGS

Different from all other rugs, made in colorings to match your decorations. Special styles to go with Mission or Fumed Oak Furniture. Wool weft, seamless, heavy, reversible and durable. All sizes up to 12 feet wide and any length. Sold by best shops in principal cities. If your dealer does not keep them, write Arnold, Constable & Co., New York, for Color Line and Price List.

THREAD AND THRUM WORKSHOP, Auburn, N. Y.

Your Eyebrows!

Are they falling? Are they thin, light-colored and unattractive?

If so, try Barlattar Eyebrow Grower. Wonderfully successful! Nothing equals it! Makes scant eyebrows thick, dark and silky. Scientifically compounded by a celebrated hair specialist. $1.00 per jar with full instructions. Send for circular on the cultivation of the Eyebrows.

A. G. LYFORD. 128-C. Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

Give me what I ask for. "I want what I want when I want it." NO SUBSTITUTE

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NEATNESS
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THE IMPROVED
BOSTON
GARTER

The Name is stamped on every loop—Be sure it's there

THE Velvet Grip CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER SLIPS, TEARS, NOR UNFASTENS

WORN ALL OVER THE WORLD

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.

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PARIS GARTERS

No Metal can come next the wearer

Nature has made the masculine leg flat on its inner front surface. From this point all stocking support should come.

PARIS is *the only garter shaped and fitted* in harmony with Nature's plan. *Guaranteed to satisfy.*

25 and 50 cents at dealers, or direct if he is out.

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PERFECT FOR ALL SEASONS

Army Auction Bargains

Tents -	$1.90 up	Old Pistols - - - - -	$ .50 up
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Blank or Ball Cartridge, 35 cents box of 20.
1907 MILITARY CATALOGUE, 260 large pages, thousands of beautiful illustrations—with 1909 supplement, wholesale and retail prices. Mailed for 15 cents (stamps).
15 ACRES GOV'T. AUCTION GOODS.
FRANCIS BANNERMAN, 501 Broadway, NEW YORK

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cts. per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles

Among the many books that are published daily or catalogues issued by leading firms, nothing has ever been attempted that can be compared with the catalogue just published by the George N. Pierce Company of Buffalo, manufacturers of the well-known Pierce-Arrow Car. It is in every way a masterpiece of engraving, printing and color work. The technical description of the cars is written so as to be understood by the every-day layman, and anyone who has any prospect of buying a car should not hesitate to write for the catalogue and study the many points of perfection which are to be found in the Pierce-Arrow.

Fads and Fashions in Men's Dress

CORRECT dress may be defined as a mixture of care and carelessness in equal parts. Care is shown in a studied regard for details. Carelessness betrays itself in an avoidance of dandified precision, and in a certain easy freedom that is essentially virile. A man's dress must, above all, be manly. Just as soon as it borders on the effeminate, it becomes foppish and offensive. For this reason such vagaries as gold-crested waistcoat buttons, braided evening coats, white gloves with backs heavily embroidered in black silk, pointed-toe pumps and the like cannot be regarded as expressing true fashion. They are personal eccentricities which, while not to be utterly condemned, savor too much of the "pampered exquisite" to be acceptable to the athletic spirits of the day. Simplicity is the parent of good taste in dress, as in art, decoration and every field of human endeavor.

Gray braided cutaway coats in shades like fog and smoke are very good form. So, too, are waistcoats and Ascots of a tint to match. The attempt to introduce high-heeled pumps for afternoon use has been unavailing, as it well deserved to be. Patent leather or varnished calfskin boots with kid, not cloth, uppers are still approved. Silver-topped sticks have become common, and the plainer, though richer, inlaid handles are "smart." Chamois gloves in shades like biscuit, corn and "mode" are worn alike for morning and afternoon. If it may be claimed that there is such a thing as the fashionable flower, the carnation rules. Last season it was the orchid, and before that, the gardenia.

Though done to death in the ten, twent' and thirt' grades, knitted four-in-hands are yet in favor. The fine scarf is of pure silk and chosen to conform to the color of the shirt. Striped cravats have yielded to patterns composed of figures, leaves and other delicate traceries upon silk, satin or mixtures of the two. The difficulty of obtaining a fold collar with front edges that do not spread has led to the introduction of a new form, the front edges of which are cut away, to give the scarf knot ample room.

Those rounded ends on the evening tie that one sees about town where men of fashion gather lend an undeniably novel touch. So do the round-cornered wing collars, though there are many who maintain that the wing is in no sense a formal dress collar. It is true that the poke and lap-front shapes look much more distinguished.

The fashionable day scarf is narrow and tied so as to fit snugly below the collar, which is generally of the "fold" or turn-over shape. Wing collars are more favored than a year ago. The edges of the correct fold collar should meet closely in front, and it is important, therefore, to obtain a collar which fits perfectly. This is easy, since most collars are now made in quarter as well as half sizes.

Fancy waistcoats are still in vogue, and their design is legion. Here, as in every other article of dress, striped patterns are conspicuous. A fancy waistcoat should always be chosen with regard for the color of the suit worn. Otherwise, the result is decidedly incongruous. The fashionable garment is collarless and cut with a low front opening. The pockets may be plain or flapped, and the bottom points of the waistcoat in front deflect sharply, forming a sort of inverted "V."

Tan shoes are still much worn for the loungy, "just ran up from the country" air that they lend the wearer. However, the "smart" color is not russet, but dull red-brown. Bright yellow shoes are too showy to be in good taste.

While it is desirable to seek harmony of color in one's clothes, dressing wholly in one color from hat to boot is a mistake. It looks insipid. Some degree of contrast is absolutely necessary to give spice to dress.

For intermediate weather, the long Chesterfield is undoubtedly the best all-'round overcoat. It extends a trifle below the knee, is curved very slightly—if at all—to the figure, and does not flare at the bottom. The elaborately creased and pressed garments are not at all manly looking, and one generally sees them on persons whose notions and ideas of style are derived from colored fashion-plates of the tawdry sort. There are always men who feel that they must go the fashions of the day "one better," and it is these who make a mock of even a rational mode and compel its total abandonment.

The Chesterfield has a velvet collar to match the cloth, usually black or medium gray, long and wide lapels ironed to a soft roll, and a deep center vent. The object of the vent is to render walking easier, for the ventless coat hinders the wearer's movements and swishes awkwardly around his legs. Folded-back cuffs are rather too pretentious-looking to be acceptable on so plain a coat as the Chesterfield, though they are not incorrect. The sleeve has an open vent. The fly-front garment has been in vogue for many years, but the newer style is to have the buttons come through. Plaids, herring-bones, faint stripes and shadow effects are variously used. The green Chesterfield in a deep, rich shade, though becoming to few men, has an uncommonness which commends it to those who seek a treasured expressiveness in dress.

The overfrock, so-called because it closely resembles a double-breasted frock coat, is worn chiefly with formal evening dress. The skirts are long, shaped to the waist, and a bit full. The cuffs are folded back and narrow. Black and gray are the accepted colors,

for no others harmonize with such extreme simplicity for either afternoon or evening. The Chesterfield is quite as proper as the overfrock, and, indeed, is preferable to accompany afternoon dress, because to wear a frock great-coat over a frock undercoat seems to sin against the fitness of things. The overfrock, or paddock, as it is popularly known, is no longer considered good form for morning and business, but is restricted to ceremonious occasions.

The Inverness or cape overcoat is purely an evening garment. It is always black, soft in finish, quite long and satin lined to the edge. It may have sleeves or not—they are usually omitted,—and has a half cape. No coat is more picturesque than the Inverness, and none rivals it in its air of old-world grace. It is an admirable garment for the opera and functions of an avowedly ceremonious nature. Just why the Inverness is rarely worn except by elderly beaus would be hard to explain. The younger generation seemingly will have none of it, preferring the Chesterfield or the overfrock. Abroad they are partial to the Inverness, and the Frenchman considers it almost as indispensable as the evening suit itself.

Fur-trimmed overcoats are only good form in the thick of winter. They look clearly absurd, when worn without the excuse of befitting weather. It is better to have the cuffs plain instead of fur-trimmed, the collar being very deep, so as to enable it to be turned up over the ears when the wind whistles. Sable, mink and astrakhan are the preferred furs. Fur caps are not worn in this climate, though they are appropriate enough to accompany fur coats, and besides look undeniably "wintry."

Fur-lined gloves are very "comfy," notably for motoring and the outdoor sports, though there is little occasion for them in town. High storm boots with waterproof soles will be found of much practical service during months when snow and slush are under foot.

A very picturesque head covering for the country and the sports is a soft felt hat in a new shade known as cactus green. The vogue of gray and green in every detail of morning dress is marked. One sees green suitings, green shirtings, green derbies, green alpines, green handkerchiefs, green scarfs and green hose. While green for a sack suit may sound a bit revolutionary, tints like olive and blue-green are extremely fetching.

Custom and tradition frown upon every attempt to detract from the simplicity of evening dress. For this reason, the elaborate braid down the outer seam of the trousers recently adopted by some young men can hardly be called a fashion. It is merely an affectation of the extremely military of dress. A new evening shirt has narrow folded back cuffs with corners decidedly cut away. The idea is not at all practical, since the double thickness of linen over the wrist is inconvenient and heating. One may wear patent leather shoes with either kid or cloth tops. The latter are preferred, and the toe is left capless to make the foot look trimmer and slenderer. No outer garment goes so well with evening dress as the overfrock, unless it be the "Inverness," and that—more's the pity—the youngster of the period scorns as old-fashioned.

Spring introduces many new and "smart" colors for the sack suit. There are leather, blue-green, elephant, moose, smoke, drab, olive and the like. The shades are a bit lighter, as befits the season. Light gray is notably approved. In patterns, stripes still lead, and they are usually "self stripes," that is, of the same color as the ground, instead of sharply contrasting. The marked vogue of striped patterns is due to the well-known fact that they help to make the wearer look taller and slenderer, whereas plaids create the opposite impression.

Sack coats for spring are cut much like those of autumn. They are loose of back, moderately long and hang, rather than fit. The lapels are tolerably long and shaped so as to roll softly and naturally, instead of being pressed down flat. While the center vent in the back of the coat was discarded last year, it has been restored, because it renders a garment less prone to wrinkle, when one sits, and gives the coat an easier fit. However, the presence or absence of the vent is a matter of taste, not propriety.

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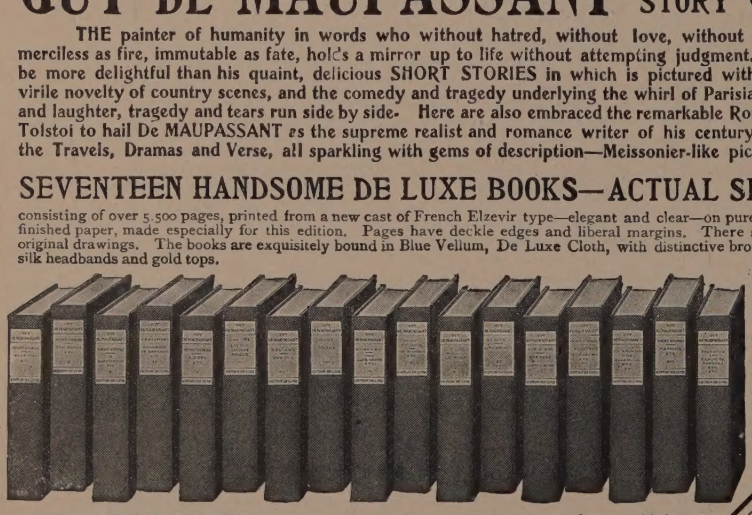

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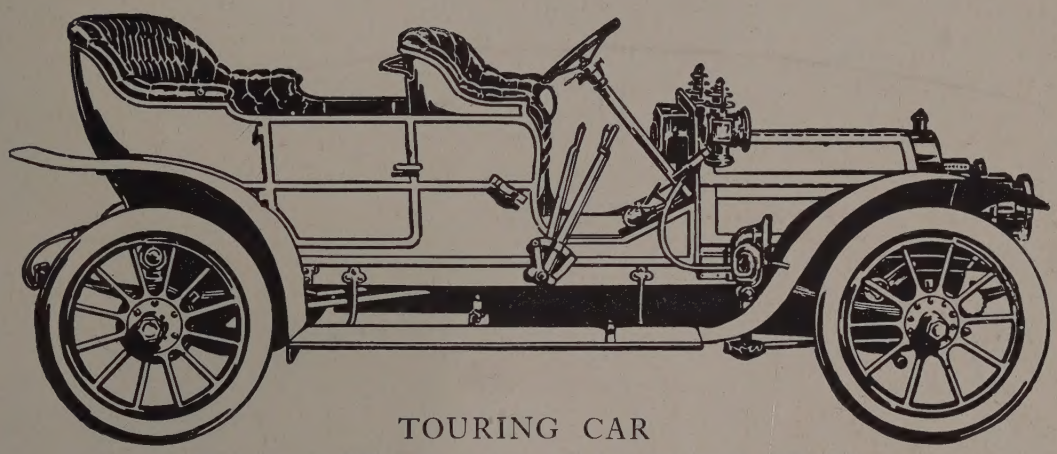

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